THE COMMONWEAL

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THE BLESSING OF A SOLDIER

THE PASSING of General Hugh Johnson from his post of supreme commander of the shock troop of the New Deal—the NRA—took place in a fashion not only highly dramatic in itself but also singularly memorable because of the revealing light it cast upon the inner nature of the mighty national movement now sweeping through this country. The speech which General Johnson made to the employees of his staff in Washington may well become an historic message. Coming, as he gave up his leadership, from the man who next only to President Roosevelt himself has been the living symbol of the New Deal ever since the inception of its most spectacular and debatable part—the NRA—the speech conveyed in a vividly powerful way two things which are very dear to the hearts and souls of many millions of Americans. The first thing was the spirit of a soldier—the true, the ideal fighting man: courageous, frank, bold and supremely loyal—Hugh Johnson himself, every inch a man, vital with essential humanity. The second thing was the revelation of the truth concerning the New Deal which is consciously recognized by some of its leaders, but which unconsciously and almost inarticulately sways the great masses of the people of the United States, the truth, namely, that it is a deeply religious movement. This truth is not perceived by many of the opponents of the New Deal; others perhaps see the truth only to sneer at it; but however well justified the honest and non-cynical critics of the New Deal may yet prove to be, unless they can also provide better measures of their own to replace the erroneous parts of the New Deal, they will utterly fail to withdraw the masses of the people from their faith in it.

Powerful as a personality, almost incomparable as a propagandist, General Johnson dramatized the New Deal as perhaps no other man in the country could have done. He himself knows how numerous have been his mistakes, but even if they had been thrice as many as the multitude of enemies he has created declare them to have been, they did not prevent him from making his prodigious job a great success. For what sensible person can doubt that a fundamental change in the whole industrial mechanism of the vastest

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industrial nation in the world has been effected by General Johnson? There certainly can be no return to things as they were before the creation of the NRA. That there will be many vital readjustments in the uneven, hastily constructed, almost improvised structure of the NRA is certain; but the basic idea of the true representation and vital cooperation of capital, management, labor and consumers in the nation's industrial system has been actually introduced, and put into operation, however creakily, however badly, and the nation could not go back to the old track on which the unregulated mechanism broke down, and almost shattered, even if the nation desired to do so. But the nation does not so desire.

Amidst all the alarm and misery produced by the stoppage—almost the wreck—of the old system, a vision came to the people. A vision, indeed, may be false or true; it may be a mirage, or it may be a revelation of reality. It yet remains to be proven whether the American people are really being led by a will-o'-th-wisp of an impossible ideal, or whether they are seeing a true light shining in the darkness of their present confusion. But they do believe that it is possible for human society to be so molded by human will, in accordance with the will of God, as to make the principles of justice and honor and charity the dominant, and not the ignored or neglected, factors in human relations. And we think that they also believe that a great effort is now being made to at least approach that ideal.

Certainly, it was that ideal which was the driving power of General Hugh Johnson's tremendous efforts. In the course of his speech—which was more powerfully spiritual than most sermons ever are—he said that the words which expressed his personal philosophy was a Japanese motto: "To die with honor when you can no longer live with honor." A true soldier's philosophy, but the philosophy of his work for his commander-in-chief, the President, and for the people of this nation, took its origin from a source far higher than the creed of any soldier, no matter how chivalrous or honorable. He spoke it boldly when he told his fellow workers that they should always treasure in their hearts their part "in as great a social advance as has occurred on this earth since a gaunt and dusty Jew in Palestine declared, as a new principle in human relationship, 'the Kingdom of Heaven is within you,' the Sermon on the Mount, and the Golden Rule. Our work is but a distant echo of those ancient, precious precepts which have changed the face of the world. 'Echo' is not the word. 'Effect' is the word." And, again, he referred to his departure from leadership "in this holy thing."

To General Johnson, it is true beyond peradventure of a doubt that "holy" was the right word for the spirit of the work which he labored so mightily to advance. It was no mere accident, still less a piece of pious rhetoric, which led him to conclude his farewell message to his fellow workers with that blessing which the newspaper account tells us is a quotation from the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious to thee. May the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace." That blessing is far more ancient than the Episcopal prayer-book. Saint Francis of Assisi, the immortal leader and friend of the poor and the unprivileged, always used it. It may well be its benediction will not be denied to the soldier whose honor it was to spend his strength in such a mighty effort to translate the religion of Christ into terms of practical good-will and cooperation among men.

WEEK BY WEEK

The Trend of Events

IN HIS radio address of September 30, Mr. Roosevelt candidly gave the impression that the road to basic improvement is a long and arduous one. He was admirably restrained in making claims for the New Deal to date, although he properly enumerated a number of indubitable gains. If the plea for a capital-labor truce, which he professed his desire to make, leads to a cessation of economic strife, a problem of major dimensions will have been temporarily settled. Why the picture as a whole is not better at this time in 1934 is, of course, a question many answers to which are possible without being exhaustive. No country can have watched the destruction of billions of dollars in capital values and the elimination of ten or more millions of men from work or self-sustenance without profound unsettlement. This we all know, though few of us can adopt a patiently philosophic attitude toward developments which affect everything we do and are. The sole practical query is: To what extent does the New Deal promote betterment, and to what extent does it retard recovery? If we could more or less collectively seek to reply, without political bias or selfishness, the potential influence of public opinion would be great. But the national community idea is too weak, the conflicting interests of separate groups are too strong, to permit the emergence of criticism in the best sense. Wealthy men are conserving their riches—or think they are—instead of devoting life, fortune and sacred honor to the task ahead. The fanatical opposition to realistic measures is also taking care solely of its own. We all of us need to remember that democracy may not survive these clashes between self-willed extremes. For our part, we feel that Mr. Roosevelt is the nation's guide, deserving of

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energetic support until someone else emerges with better ideas so self-evidently right as to win the nation's allegiance.

New Frontiers

THESE are the days when the reemergence of the Middle West is more talked of than perceived. Any observer will tell you that the pall of so-called "defeatism" lies heavier on the region of which Chicago is the hub than over any other portion of the country. This is partly the result of long-continued rural conditions, and partly a consequence of exceedingly bad investment management by a series of Insulls. There are, however, psychological factors as well, some of them most interesting. Addressing the recent New York *Herald Tribune* Conference on Current Problems, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin observed that for generations the ideology of the frontier has influenced the attitude toward life characteristic of the West. "The march of the explorer, the fur trader, the lumberman, and the farmer, westward to the Pacific" had given to the thoughts of young America a kind of rhythm followed unconsciously, for the most part, but naturally also. Today there is a widespread feeling that the frontiers are gone. But the Senator was an able protagonist of the theory that new frontiers are appearing—not primitively physical this time, but existing along the front of man's advancement toward the further conquest of nature and of himself. From the care of the soil to the engineering of distribution, society offers a multitude of opportunities to the pathfinder. The difficulty is awakening the sense of these things—putting youth traditionally accustomed to a here-and-now, visible forward march, to the task of burrowing into the invisible, the almost intangible, with enthusiasm. But the Senator is right, and we think that eventually youth will agree.

Mr. Skinner Resigns

WE MUST tell our readers, with more regret than words can express, that Mr. Dana Skinner is no longer the regular COMMONWEAL dramatic critic. "Regular" is (we hope) the proper word, because he expects that the pressure of daily professional activity will leave some time for an occasional essay or review. When the magazine started publication, nearly ten years ago, Mr. Skinner went out to buy a ticket and become the twentieth-century William Winter. For him it was a labor of love—affection for the theatre, which he has wooed both well and wisely, and ardent zeal for Catholic journalism of the kind which The Calvert Associates wished to provide. Not everything was rosy at first; but as time went on, he had developed a large following in all parts of the United States as well as a host of friends among actors. These last were highly appreciative of his interest in the art, just as readers were impressed with his judicious and reasonable defense of moral or esthetic principle. There is no doubt that Mr. Skinner made himself the first acknowledged Catholic critic of the American theatre. It is far from easy to relinquish this opportunity, and he regrets the present necessary decision as much as we do. Fortunately for us, the task will be carried on by Mr. Grenville Vernon, a veteran of the critical profession who has known and served THE COMMONWEAL for years. We are sure of his integrity, his standards and his skill. May we ask our readers to extend to him a hearty welcome? The office of dramatic critic is never a sinecure; it is just now unusually perplexing and burdensome. Prevailing uncertainty about moral standards as well as current species of propaganda render a seriously esthetic attitude toward the theatre—in itself difficult—almost impossible.

Youth Once More

NO ONE can deny to the eminent president of Columbia University the right to claim a wide experience of present-day youth. And yet we wonder whether the attack on the manners of youth, in Dr. Butler's recent notable address at the university opening exercises, was a complete reflection of his experience; whether it did not rather combine with the strict description of actuality some of that selective emphasis by which pedagogues have always usefully underlined a warning or weighted a lesson. In other words, does Dr. Butler really think young people are as bad mannered as all that, or is he just trying to keep them from being? To us, it does not seem that the current crop of adolescence, taken by and large, would suffer markedly by comparison with most of the past specimens. Certainly they actually shine by comparison with the rank and file of the "flaming youth" decade, which most of us acutely remember. And, if interclass competition is permitted, they also excel, in dignity, seriousness and simplicity, a large section of their immediate elders, of the drinking era just ended. Doubtless Dr. Butler is right in saying that their manners, "in every sort of public place and personal relationship, are often quite shocking." Manners at a court ball or a diplomatic conference may occasionally be quite shocking. Things have been done at bridge tables, have even, it is said, been done at White House receptions, that would get you very low marks indeed in grade-school deportment. But one does not think of this as the whole of the picture. Surely Morningside Heights also has its moments of urbanity. We suggest that a commendable interest in decorum should not stifle a very proper affection for shirt-sleeves and pipes.

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Charity near Home

EXCEPT for the interjection by Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, of the new vernacular term "fuzzy ears" in his straightforward assertion, "All the crackpots and fuzzy ears don't work in the United States government," the recent Conference on Mobilization for Human Needs was a terribly serious occasion. The chairman, Newton D. Baker, President Roosevelt and Mr. Hopkins all emphasized the necessity of preserving, or restoring, a proper balance of local and federal provisions for charitable needs. "The primary responsibility for community needs rests upon the community itself," said the President, and Mr. Baker responded, "It is our eager hope that soon the entire burden of relief may be returned to local shoulders." Both of them stressed the necessity of preserving threatened families as families, rather than letting their members become scattered and embittered vagrants or wards of different institutions. In his subsequent radio address to the American people, the President stated in behalf of federal relief in our emergency, "To those who say that our expenditures for public works and other means for recovery are a waste that we canot afford, I answer that no country, however rich, can afford the waste of its human resources." At the conference Mr. Hopkins uttered the sobering warning, "The longer the depression lasts the higher is the percentage of the unemployed requiring relief. Relief rolls are growing at the very time people are going back to work. There are far more people employed than a year ago but there are still millions of unemployed and nearly 17,000,000 on relief rolls." From this perhaps not too smoothly fitting mosaic of quotations we believe a picture emerges that is fairly clear. Those citizens who are earnestly decrying the extension of federal agencies are faced with a simple alternative that depends on them, and the demand on the charity of all of us certainly is still clear and imperative.

Christianity and Controversy

IN THE first volume of Maisie Ward's "The Wilfrid Wards and the Transition," a valuable work now being published by Sheed and Ward, there is quoted a letter from Baron von Hügel which is so right and necessary that if there were nothing else in the book it would be worth owning. The question of Anglican orders was up at that time, and the Baron had diligently studied the complicated evidence without being able to reach a clear-cut conclusion or to persuade himself that large numbers of the English clergy really desired reunion with Rome. Then he wrote: "On the other hand, truth is truth, and the Christian spirit is a matter of daily self-conquest. . . . Are our controversialists all really attempting but one thing—justice, fairness, truth, and to try and neither live in a fool's paradise nor press differences and objections unfairly? There is an animus about some of our defenders which I cannot trust; sectarianism is congenial, alas, to hidden tendencies of the hearts of us all. . . . I want to be doubly sure that it is for pure truth that we are fighting, and for God—a cause which always and everywhere involves painful self-surmounting, and a shrinking from all touch of caste or sect." That point is always worth making, and it has seldom been made so well. The Catholic faith is not a "sect." It is characterized by its august holiness as possessing all those virtues—meekness, longanimity and the rest—emphasized by Saint Paul as characteristic of the spirit of Christ. But how often are we unmindful of the fact, permitting anxiousness not to be caught in the "fool's paradise" of a group being taken advantage of to outweigh deeper and eternal considerations!

Victories

THERE is no reason, once one comes to think of it, why expensiveness should make a sport uninteresting. At any rate, our own country is proving democratic enough to warm up wholeheartedly to the games of millionaires, if they furnish sufficient tension and drama. The two current gilt-edged competitions—the yacht races for the America's Cup, and the East-West polo series—have more than qualified, and they have accordingly stirred a sporting public that is country-wide. In both cases, the victory went against the form-books. In one case, it went somewhat against popular sentiment—there is no doubt at least that the British boat Endeavour had a surprising number of American rooters. Perhaps they had the feeling that sixty-five years is long enough for any country to keep a cup, and that a change would be healthy. Perhaps they were merely paying tribute to a matchless boat. However, it was Rainbow that had the better skipper, and probably now no American is inconsolable over that fact. The polo games, which resulted in two straight victories for the East, were a much greater surprise. The West were all high-goal veterans, against whom the East's three unseasoned youngsters, aided by the lone internationalist Winston Guest, seemed to have no chance. The betting was 2 to 1 against them. Whether because they were coached in the extraordinary team-play they showed, by the great Devereux Milburn himself, or because they are actually better and surer horsemen than the Westerners—as many onlookers have declared—they came through in glorious Tom Brown at Oxford style. Perhaps Meadowbrook has a lien on American polo after all.

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ARE WE ON THE RIGHT ROAD?

By JOHN A. RYAN

Social justice, says Monsignor Ryan, is the fundamental issue of the day, and means in so far as government is concerned the "protection of all natural rights and the promotion of the welfare of the people as a whole." This issue has, he feels, been sponsored by the Roosevelt administration. To adopt the point of view that the traditional principles of American government are being violated is, he says, frequently to insist upon the legitimacy of laissez-faire, an attitude repudiated by the moral conscience.—The Editors.

THE ETHICAL aspect of any practise or policy is more pertinent and more fundamental than the economic or the political aspect. A great part of the current comment on the policies of the New Deal, whether it be favorable or unfavorable, is fundamentally ethical. These judgments may not often be phrased in ethical terms, indeed; nevertheless much of the strength and appeal is due to the ideas of right which are fundamental to and implicit in them. Despite the predominant concern of our age with the material things, our most cherished and vital opinions and judgments are still determined mainly by our perceptions of right and wrong. Consciously or unconsciously the first—and the last—question that we ask about an action, a policy or an institution takes this form: Is it right?

Let us consider first the general policy which our national government is endeavoring to carry out in the recovery measures. After that we shall take up the particular policies. The general policy is regulation of industry for the benefit of the weaker classes and for the common good. Evidently this objective is morally right, for it expresses the main purpose of government. The object and justification of political government is the protection of all natural rights and the promotion of the welfare of the people as a whole, as composed of various classes, as families and in due measure as individuals. This is social justice. Among the reasons given in the preamble to the Constitution of the United States for the formation of that instrument is "to promote the general welfare." In all probability the men who wrote this phrase did not think of the general welfare as a mere abstraction or as identical with the welfare of a mere majority of the citizens, much less with the welfare of some dominant minority. A dominant minority, whether of wealth, of birth, or of fortuitous education, is always prone to regard its welfare and privileges as tantamount to the general welfare.

The purpose of government finds specifically ethical expression in the American Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these rights are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men which derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

If all men are created equal, that is, morally equal, equal as persons, they have equal rights to the protection and solicitude of the government. "Inalienable rights" mean natural rights, individual rights, rights which are not derived from the state, rights which the state cannot take away and may not ignore. These, says the Declaration of Independence, are the primary object of government.

They are also the primary object of the general policy which is followed by the present national administration in the regulation of industry. The Congress has adopted and the administration is enforcing certain regulatory measures which are intended to protect the natural rights of the weaker industrial classes. More than forty-three years ago Pope Leo XIII in his great encyclical "On the Condition of the Working Classes" laid down these propositions:

> When there is question of defending the rights of individuals, the poor and badly-off have a claim to especial consideration. The richer class have many ways of shielding themselves, and stand less in need of help from the State; whereas the mass of the poor have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State. And it is for this reason that wage earners, since they mostly belong to that class, should be specially cared for and protected by the government.

These are the "forgotten men" whom President Roosevelt some two years ago recalled to our minds, declaring they should become the primary concern of his administration.

It is contended that this policy violates the traditional principles of American government and ignores the Bill of Rights in the Constitution of the United States. One is tempted to reply: "So much the worse for our traditional principles and the Bill of Rights." Such a reply, however, would be neither fair nor accurate. The traditional principles of American government to which appeal is made by certain critics of our current policies are the principles of *laissez-faire*, of non-intervention by government in industry, of individual liberty for the strong to oppress the

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weak, of economic liberty for the powerful to violate the natural rights of the workers under the guise of "free" contracts. Let us frankly admit that these principles, old as they are and traditional as they are, were never ethically right, that they were immoral from the beginning. Nevertheless these principles and the practical policies based upon them did not inflict very much injury upon the weaker economic classes in the conditions that obtained in the United States one hundred and fifty or one hundred years ago. In a society which was dominantly agricultural, in which urban industries were small and owned by individuals rather than by corporations, and in which there was an abundance of free land, very little government regulation was necessary. The strong were unable to oppress the weak for any considerable length of time through the medium of "free" contracts. The weak enjoyed a considerable measure of actual opportunity and could find alternative ways of making a living. To a considerable degree the weaker classes were able to protect themselves. Today the great majority of ordinary Americans live in cities as wage earners; industries are managed by powerful corporations; there is no more free land; theoretical opportunity is no longer actual; the vast majority of wage earners must remain wage earners all their lives. If they are to come into actual enjoyment of their natural rights to a fair share of the bounty of the earth and a decent livelihood from our immense natural and artificial resources, they must have the protection of the government through the regulation of industrial contracts, processes, conditions and relations.

These are the reasons why the traditional principles and policies of unlimited competition, unlimited individual freedom and non-intervention by government must be abandoned. These are the reasons why the federal government must step in and exercise powers that it has never exercised in the past.

Dishonest critics have occasionally asserted and more frequently insinuated that some parts of the recovery legislation ignore and set at naught the Bill of Rights. Probably some of these reactionary fault-finders would not recognize the Bill of Rights if they met it on the street. Probably some of them do not know what it is or where it is to be found. The Bill of Rights is a term which is generally applied to the first ten amendments to the Constitution and sometimes extended to take in the thirteenth and fourteenth amendments. The first ten specify the rights which safeguard the inhabitants of the United States from arbitrary action by the federal government; the thirteenth and fourteenth protect the individual against certain interferences with his liberty by the states. All these guaranties are properly denominated civil rights. Most of them are also natural rights, which would inhere in the individual even if they were not guaranteed by the Constitution. Hence the assertion that they are disregarded or endangered by our current policies raises a question which is fundamentally ethical.

But the assertion is false. Not one of these amendments to the Constitution, not one of these guaranties that make up the Bill of Rights, is ignored or endangered by any provision of the recovery legislation. In fact, the only guaranties that are ever specifically brought forward by the unfriendly critics of our current policies are those found in the fifth and fourteenth amendments. These forbid, respectively, the Congress and the states to deprive anyone of life, liberty or property without due process of law. Some of the reactionary critics contend that the "due process" clauses are violated by the minimum wage and the maximum hour provisions of the NRA codes. These provisions, it is asserted, deprive both employer and employee, more particularly the former, of their constitutional liberties. Undoubtedly these regulations do deprive the citizen of some liberty; they do restrict his freedom of contract. So do the laws against murder and theft deprive the citizen of some liberty; so do the laws against extortion and graft restrict the citizen's freedom of contract.

Whether the minimum wage and maximum hours provision or any other provision in the codes of fair practise deprives the citizen of liberty "without due process of law" is a question of constitutional construction. Until this question has been answered by the Supreme Court no person has either legal warrant or a moral right to assert that the "due process" clauses or any other clause of the Constitution prohibit any part of the recovery legislation. In the final stage of construction the Constitution is what the Supreme Court says it is. Therefore when any man or any newspaper recklessly, or even solemnly, declares that the recovery legislation is violating the Constitution I have a right to reply: "I deny your interpretation of the Constitution, for I do not recognize your competence as interpreter. I prefer to await the authoritative verdict of the Supreme Court."

Coming to particulars, the principal policies of the administration may be summarized as follows: They regulate wages and hours and guarantee the right of labor to organize; they prohibit unfair competition, monopolistic practises and extortionate prices; they provide fair prices to the farmer through the processors' tax and they withdraw surplus acres from cultivation; they make available public funds and credit to provide a living for the unemployed through direct relief and public works, and they contemplate obtaining the money to pay for these expenditures from high taxes upon incomes, inheritances and excess

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profits; finally, they regulate the issuing of securities and the transactions on the stock exchange.

Every one of these policies is ethically right. Every wage earner has a natural right to at least so much of the national product as is necessary to enable him to live decently. To protect and enforce this right is a primary duty of the State. If industry is unable to provide employment for all workers because millions of men have been displaced by machines and because the masters of industry have been too stupid and too greedy to make the industrial system function adequately, it is the duty of the State to provide employment for the unemployed by shortening the hours of labor. If despotic employers have prevented their employees from forming unions through coercion, company unions or any other unjust or dishonest means, it is the duty of the State to protect the worker against this invasion of his natural rights. If business men strive to overreach one another by indirection, deception, extortion and other oppressive practises, the State is under moral obligation to restrain them, to show them that not all "free" contracts are fair contracts. If prices are imposed upon the consumer which are not necessary to defray the reasonable and fair expenses of production, it is the duty of the State to suppress this extortion, for the benefit of the weak and the advancement of the common good. If men, women and children are deprived of a livelihood through the defective operation of the industrial system, it becomes the duty of the State to provide for their wants and to assess the costs thereof upon the community, specifically upon those who are able to pay taxes and in proportion to their ability to pay. In our economic society the fairest ethical measure and the most accurate economic measure of ability to pay are found in progressive taxes upon incomes, inheritances and excess profits. If the farmers are unable to get decent prices for that portion of their product which the American people desire to consume, the government may rightfully compel the consumer to pay these decent prices through the processors' tax or through some other fair and effective device. If the amount of land under cultivation is so great that under free competition and unlimited opportunity to overproduce, the natural movements of the market deprive millions of farmers of a decent livelihood, it is the duty of the state to prevent this disastrous overproduction. If the sellers of securities practise fraud upon the investor and inflate capitalization to the detriment of the community, and if the managers of the stock exchange permit and perpetrate wholesale dishonesty and gambling, surely the repression of these evils becomes the bounden duty of the State.

To be sure, some of these evils might be removed through cooperative action by the people themselves without the intervention of the government. That would be preferable to State action because it is always more conducive to human dignity and human development when men do things for themselves instead of having things done for them by others, even by the political community. But cooperative enterprise and the cooperative spirit have not yet made sufficient progress in American life to deal adequately with any of the distressing situations that I have been summarizing. Therefore, the alternatives are effective action by the government or a return to the evils which we knew eighteen months ago and which it would be politically unwise, economically stupid and ethically wrong to bring back. In this very grave and very critical situation it was not only the right, but the duty, of the federal government to intervene by adequate legislation. The province of State action was stated by Pope Leo XIII in terms that are at once comprehensive and incontestible. Here is his formula:

> Whenever the general interest of any particular class suffers or is threatened with injury which can in no other way be met or prevented, it is the duty of the public authority to intervene.

No intelligent person can honestly deny that this was the situation in the United States in March, 1933. Not only the general welfare but the very existence of important social classes was jeopardized by evils which could have been removed neither by the voluntary action of the citizens nor by the automatic processes of industry. The intervention undertaken by the government in March, 1933, and expanded by additional governmental measures since that time, is still necessary and imperative. To abandon any substantial part of the recovery legislation until it has been given an adequate trial would be economically disastrous and ethically wrong.

Let us sum up the ethical judgments to be passed upon our current policies. The general policy of greatly enlarged governmental regulation and assistance is constitutionally justifiable and morally right. The particular policies are on the whole ethically sound; they are morally right; they deserve the active support of all Americans who have an intelligent perception of the economic and political implications of the moral law, and who possess at the same time the moral courage and the moral earnestness to follow the right as they see the right. Never before in our history have the policies of the federal government embodied so much legislation and administration that is of a highly ethical order. Never before in our history have government policies been so deliberately, formally and consciously based upon conceptions and convictions of moral right and social justice.

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THE GERMAN LUTHERAN STRUGGLE

By KURT F. REINHARDT

A RECENT commentator on the church situation in Germany finds it "awkward" that men are willing to go to prison, or even to die, for their religious beliefs. Now it is highly probable that, before long, many more will have to go to prison and some will have to die at the hands of the executioner, thus giving testimony of their faith. If all this is awkward it is surely no more so than Christianity itself, which even in our day is forceful and provocative enough to become a "scandal" and a deadly offense to the sensibilities of the totalitarian State. It is simply intrinsic logic that a man give his life for that which represents to him the highest value, be it wealth, honor, country or God. He gives his life for that value which basically and essentially informs his every thought and deed and without which his life would be meaningless.

In present-day Germany theology again has become a vital issue. The individual once more realizes the interrelation of religion and life, of thought and action. Religion is about to become again a social phenomenon of the first order. Remarkable, for instance, is the rejuvenation of Protestant theology. The "reawakening of the Church within souls," of which a Catholic writer hopefully spoke several years ago in regard to German Catholicism, is valiantly evidenced in regard to German Protestantism by recent events. It is extremely difficult for an outsider to realize how deeply religious and spiritual controversy has cut into the every-day existence of the average German citizen. We are reminded of the early Christian centuries when the Athanasian Creed had become a matter of passionate debate at street corners and when people entering a shop in Constantinople to buy a loaf of bread would argue with the baker on the nature of the Father and the Son.

The great militant mind behind the "second Protestant revolt" (as I should like to call the present uprising) is the Danish-Lutheran theologian, Soren Kierkegaard (1813-1855), without doubt the greatest religious genius of the nineteenth century, next to John Henry Newman. In his homeland Kierkegaard had to fight, on the one hand, the liberalistic secularization of the Danish-Lutheran state church and, on the other, Hegel's pantheistic idealism with its consequent dissolution of Christian dogma. Against an easy-going liberalism and a fictitious inwardness he advanced his own uncompromising "Theologia Crucis" ("Theology of the Cross"), advocating the "narrow path." Words of prophetic significance we find in his diaries, such as these:

> There must be another reformation, and this time it will be a horrible reformation. Compared with this coming reformation, Luther's will appear as a mere joke. The battle-cry of this future reformation will clamor for the remnants of faith on earth. And we shall witness millions becoming apostates: truly a fearful reformation. We shall recognize that Christianity is practically non-existent; and it will be a horrible sight to behold this generation, pampered and lulled by a childishly deformed Christianity, mortally wounded once more by the thought of what it means to become a Christian, to be a Christian.

From Kierkegaard a straight line may be drawn to the "Dialectical Theology" or "Crisis Theology" of Karl Barth, Eduard Thurneysen, Friedrich Gogarten, Emil Brunner. Karl Barth's interpretation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans and his recently published "Dogmatic Theology" signify the most powerful affirmation of Martin Luther's "Theologia Crucis" and John Calvin's doctrine of the relentless absolutism of the Deity. There is a radical break in doctrines of material immanence as taught by Schleiermacher and others but also with the Catholic teaching of the immanence of God *in re per essentiam.*

Karl Barth is professor of reformed theology in the University of Bonn. He uses a language that is unequivocal, and his every word is animated by the fervor of religious experience. He has his following chiefly among the younger generation. When he addresses capacity crowds in churches and lecture halls, his words are frequently carried by loudspeakers to interested assemblies in public squares.

Karl Barth's message can be appreciated in its true significance only when considered against the background of the warring factions of Protestant church groups in Germany. The movement is of relatively recent date. It was not taken seriously by the leading pre-war Protestant organizations: the Lutheran orthodoxy (in the north and north-east), the so-called "United Church," consisting of the combined Lutheran and Calvinistic denominations in parts of central and southern Germany, and the Liberals who had their center in historic Marburg and were represented by Martin Rade and the theological faculty of the local university. In neither group was theology a living entity that influenced and molded the life of the people to any great extent: it was rather rationalized dogmatics or liberalized ethics, either a lifeless body of unintelligible abstractions or an encyclopedia of collected historical data, organized according to

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the recipes of biblical criticism and the history of comparative religion.

Ernst Troeltsch, the successor of Schleiermacher at the University of Berlin, had been brought up in an atmosphere of theological liberalism, rationalism and relativism. He was honest enough to renounce completely what he could no longer defend and support wholeheartedly. He quit the ministry and forsook theology for political science and sociology. He carried the premises of rationalism and historicism to their logical conclusions and thus revealed their fallacies and absurdities. Troeltsch was aided by his friend and colleague, that eminent political economist, Max Weber, whose "Sociology of Religion," although unbalanced on account of some fundamental theological misconceptions, offered striking evidence of the spiritual and religious forces that underlie economic thought and economic systems. Both Weber and Troeltsch will be remembered as pioneer workers in the field of the social sciences, even if their labors were primarily concerned with the task of clearing the intellectual landscape rather than with the actual work of synthesis and reconstruction. Toward the end of his life Troeltsch seems to have visualized and approached the unbroken continuity of positive Christianity. His intercourse with Baron von Huegel had been instrumental in pointing the way.

It was Troeltsch who made the sharp distinction between what he called "Old-Protestantism" (the theologies of Luther and Calvin) and the "New Protestantism" (the rationalized and secularized Protestantism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries). He proved conclusively that there existed a vital continuity in the basic concepts that had been handed down from the Fathers of the Church to the medieval Schoolmen and from there to the reformers and that the actual break came with the advent of the seventeenth century. Now Karl Barth and his followers take their start from that "Old-Protestantism," i. e., from the original theological concepts of Luther and Calvin. They emphasize the "infinite qualitative difference" between the Creator and the fallen creature. The absolute transcendence of God, as conceived by Karl Barth, leaves no room for any kind of human activity that could be intrinsically and metaphysically good and valuable. The entire realm of nature is conceived as metaphysically evil, sinful and radically corrupt. By thus overstating the "negative theology" of Denis (the "Areopagite") and the Christian mystics, Barth makes the supereminent activity of the first cause crush completely the activity of the secondary causes. The order of grace effaces the order of nature, thus disturbing and destroying the proper relationship of nature and supernature as seen by Catholic philosophy and Catholic theology: *Gratia supponit et perficit naturam* (Grace does not efface nature but supports it and leads it to perfection).

The exaggerated conception of Divine transcendence, with its attendant metaphysical and ethical pessimism, forms the basis of Luther's and Calvin's doctrines of original sin, of man's Fall, his redemption, and his salvation. The very same conception of God's absolute transcendence is the foundation of Karl Barth's dialectical theology which defines "revelation" in terms of "non-revelation," so that Christianity is reduced to Tertullian's great paradox: Christian faith is a leap into empty space, a *Credo quia absurdum.*

Today the lines of battle are as clearly drawn as perhaps ever before. We have Barth's "Crisis Theology" on one side and the "German Faith-Movement" together with the "German Christians" on the other. Ernst Bergmann, professor of philosophy at the University of Leipzig and one of the leaders of the "German Faith-Movement," maintains that Germanism and Christianity exclude one another. He speaks of Christianity as

> a foreign religion, introduced into Germany by that butcher Charlemagne, 1,200 years ago. . . . The ethics of National Socialism and that of Christianity are irreconcilable. . . . Christianity is the religious Versailles of the Germans. . . . Only today we begin to recover from the insanity of Christianity.

Karl Kindt, one of Bergmann's severest critics, is right when he says that God created Ernst Bergmann and Karl Barth in order to demonstrate that the one and indivisible truth cannot be taken apart or dissolved into its original elements without depriving it of its character and without producing the most disastrous effects (*Die Neue Literatur,* May, 1934, page 274). The same criticism applies to the "German Christians." Their spokesmen, among others, are the Reverend Pastor Hossenfelder and Reichsbischof Mueller. What could have become a wholesome corrective to Barth's integral supernaturalism is here distorted and perverted by a theology of pure material immanence. While state and society in Barth's theological frame are seen exclusively *sub ratione peccati,* the "German Christians" glorify and deify these natural organisms and the whole natural order so as to proclaim well-nigh the identity of the Third Reich with the Kingdom of God upon earth. It sounds like blasphemy when we read:

> The national revolution, the German hour, appears to us as a Divine commandment; it signifies our communion with God. We German Christians represent that group of Evangelical Germany that have heard the call of God: Thou shalt follow Adolf Hitler! . . . God Himself has pronounced us His chosen people. The word German is the Word of God.

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> State and Nationality are the orders of God. . . . It is more important that a theologian know something about eugenics and the laws of heredity than that he stuff his head with the names and deeds of Jewish kings. It is likewise a matter of course that a German Church can only admit ministers and officials of racial purity. . . . True Protestantism is true National Socialism. Our watchword, therefore, must be: One People, One State, One Church!

What we have here before us is a type or rather a remnant of Christianity so broken that it is inoffensive, inefficient and harmless, a safe playground for the animal nature of man. This brand of Christianity is so deeply steeped in nature and the realm of instincts that it has become void of supernatural or theological motivations and virtues. A religion or a church that identifies itself with an empirical state, society or civilization, shares also fully in the transitoriness of such a natural organism and will necessarily be bound up with its fate: flourish and prosper with it, but also disintegrate and perish with it.

It can readily be seen that there is no possibility of bridging over the abyss that separates Karl Barth from Bergmann, Hossenfelder, Mueller. The leaders in both camps say in so many words that they consider it useless to call for peace where there is no peace and can be no peace. "Either"—"Or," this is the only alternative.

In between these extreme positions we find the "United Lutherans" who also include several Calvinistic groups. They are anxiously on the look-out for a *via media* and are perhaps closest to the Catholic point of view. They consider as justified certain claims and demands in the more radical camps. They are willing to cooperate with the National Socialist State and give it the moral support of their churches, but they oppose the coordination of State and Church. The majority of this group are represented and organized in the Pfarrernotbund (Pastors' Emergency League). Many of their members have been deposed, many taken into custody. In their pronouncements we find sentences of great weight and import:

> The assertion that the voice of the nation is the Word of God, is blasphemy and a falsification of history. . . . It is the mission of the Church to educate men for the Kingdom of Christ, not for the German Reich. National and political formations must not be confounded with the contents of revelation. . . . A Church that serves two masters is untrustworthy in every word it preaches. . . . The Gospel is not a religiously embroidered program of a political party. Earthly values cannot be placed above eternal values, and the true meaning of the Gospel cannot be interpreted in such a way as to make it pleasing and acceptable to the desires of men. We call it heresy when it is maintained that Christ appeared as a prototype of Nordic man, in an age of disintegration and decadence. The Germanization of Christianity is heresy. The Christian Church does not distinguish between baptized Jews and baptized Gentiles. . . . We solemnly deny the right of the State to govern the Church, to appoint or depose ministers or to meddle with questions of church doctrine. . . . What shakes today the very foundations of the Church is neither God nor the Holy Spirit but the spirit of error and confusion. . . . This is not springtime but it is the time of temptation.

We need no further testimony to make manifest that the Protestant denominations in Germany are in the midst of a crisis. The outcome may be decisive and fateful for the future of the reformed churches. Wither will they go? Once again they are taken with Christ to the top of the mountain. Once again and stronger than before the seducer is near, promising the possessions of an earthly kingdom. Will they resist the temptation? If we believe Karl Barth, the Church must once more cast its lot with the Christians and martyrs of the catacombs. It must do that rather than surrender to the enemy. Barth holds that everything has become simpler now, that since the end of the Middle Ages Christians have never faced a situation of greater and more monumental simplicity. The questions are unmistakably clear, the answers should be easy and self-evident.

It is interesting to note that the currents of recent events have even swept some of Barth's closest friends and collaborators of many years into the opposing camp (Gogarten, Brunner). Emil Brunner, in his resumption of the "Theologia Naturalis," comes very close to basic principles of Thomistic theology and philosophy. Erik Peterson, likewise one of the original members of the Barth group, was recently received into the Catholic Church.

Dedication to My Friends

Models for envy, I am glad
Your kinder wit surpasses mine;
I gave you everything I had
To give, take now this simple line.

I could not give the subtile ghost
That weaves the wind from board to board,
Spider, that laces in the host
And takes the body for reward.

Ill-health withstands me, and delay
Scarce suffers art to make amends.
I can no more give, day by day,
Account to conscience and my friends,

But leave the crafty web I spun
For dust to settle with the years.
You'll see it sometimes in the sun
Nor know the spectrum is your tears.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM.

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THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

By EDWARD PODOLSKY

ONE OF the most impressive laws in biophysics is that which proclaims that if constant irritation is applied to a group of harmless and properly functioning cells dire results are very likely to follow. A mole on the cheek will remain simply a mole on the cheek if it is left alone. But if it is subjected to constant rubbing and irritation it will become something more than a mole on the cheek. It will become a skin cancer with all the fearful potentialities of skin cancers to maim and destroy.

Not only do constant irritation and trifling anoyances lead to disaster in the human body, but very frequently the same thing takes place in the social body. It is not alone disease and surroundings that make little criminals out of good people, and big criminals out of little criminals. The constant trifling annoyances of misadministration of the law accomplish the same thing.

It is very seldom one colossal error of the law which brings on the evil results. It is the constant irritating effects on the average man and woman of laws concerning trifles that finally bring about disregard for the law. Contempt for the law is brought about by the law making itself ridiculous. And it is contempt for law which induces the average man or woman to break it.

In modern society the law is constantly making so many ill-considered moves that one cannot blame the average man or woman for loathing it. With the ushering in of the motor age almost everyone has been arrested for one traffic violation or another. It is not the traffic violation in itself which is responsible for making a scofflaw out of the average citizen; it is the interminable waiting to pay the fine, the wholesale dispensing of justice, the cattle-like crowding of traffic courts.

The newspapers mirror faithfully the workings of the law. It marches majestically across their pages. We learn that it is not the dyed-in-the-wool criminal who is the object of cop-wrath and correction by the magistrate and other minor judges. Most frequently it is the law-abiding citizen who finds himself in the clutches of the law.

Let us take the case of Nat Le Roy of Brooklyn whose crime consisted of refusing Patrolman Torro's order to move on. Nat Le Roy was arrested and an enlightened magistrate sentenced him to twenty days in the workhouse. A colossal crime which was punished most fittingly. Will Nat Le Roy be like the mole on the cheek which remains simply a mole when left alone? Or will twenty days in the workhouse prove sufficiently annoying to make a cancer of the mole? Twenty days for refusing to move on!

But Nat Le Roy isn't the only one who has been impressed with the majesty of the law. There are thousands of others. There is Mrs. Henrietta Mankato who protested to Motorcycle Patrolman Tietler when he gave her husband a summons for parking his car in a restricted area. Motorcycle Patrolman Tietler was exceedingly annoyed. He called the patrol wagon and Mrs. Mankato was taken to the police station. Mr. Mankato pleaded with Tietler to make the summons returnable on the following week because he was to take an injured child to the hospital, but the policeman would not listen and insisted upon arresting Mrs. Mankato, although Mankato offered to drive them to the police station. Maybe this little comedy will never amount to much. But it may perhaps explain why juries sometimes free real criminals.

Ernst Stiles, fifteen years old, graduated from high school with high honors; but because he was colored there wasn't much of an opportunity for him to gain a livelihood by utilizing his high-school training. So he became a bootblack. Ernst Stiles became a criminal because he offered to shine shoes on the private property of the Long Island Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad terminal. For this terrible crime he was seized by a brave patrolman and haled before Magistrate Smith. The magistrate gave the youth the alternative of paying a fine of $5 or serving two days in jail, which wasn't much of an alternative after all. He was finger-printed and mugged and went to jail for two days. Another lad, Anthony Julian, eighteen, pleaded guilty to the same charge and received the same sentence.

And there have been hundreds of other boys who have had a taste of jail life and finger-printing for violating the majesty of the law. Several months ago the Police Department in the great City of New York began to conduct a crusade against sidewalk bootblacks. Each Sunday the brave guardians of the law, armed with pistols and blackjacks, would back up a wagon against the curb in a certain locality and pile in a dozen or more ragged street urchins whose only crime was trying to earn a living by polishing shoes. As nearly all of them couldn't pay a fine they went to jail. The more sensitive ones received a life-long impression of the majesty of the law. As there must have been several neurotics or even potential paranoics in the group, it will perhaps not be far-fetched to say that this little episode may be the starting point of a career of wrong-doing. Injustice is often a severe psychic trauma which will later yield unfortunate returns. Any

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doctor who devotes himself to a study of mental health and its disorders can trace criminal tendencies in many to justice misapplied.

Some time ago twenty-eight boys scaled a five-foot iron fence surrounding a school playground and began to play. From the Bensonhurst precinct came a patrol wagon and carried them all away to the police station. This happened on a Sunday and getting bail on a Sunday isn't an easy matter. Neither was there sufficient food in the precinct to feed all the youngsters. But there they had to remain till the magistrate's court opened the next morning, and an enlightened magistrate freed them all. Their arrest for playing on school property and their confinement in the precinct station may in several cases have been sufficiently irritating to cause the innocent mole on the cheek to become a destroying cancer.

Police stupidity is very frequently responsible for arousing an all-consuming hatred for the law. Mohamid Ali was slugged by three Westchester Parkway policemen when he tried to board a New York-bound bus with his wife, two children and a sister. The three brave cops beat the Turk into unconsciousness with blackjacks while one of them drew a pistol and threatened to shoot protesting spectators. Why all this rumpus? "They figured he was a Communist, on account of his red shirt," Chief Byrne explained. Mohamid Ali shouldn't have worn a red shirt, and because he did his skull was fractured by the guardians of the law who hate all people who wear red shirts "on account they may be Communists." I wonder how Ali will feel about the majesty of the law when he recovers.

Louis Silverstein also will always have an everlasting love for cops and the law. Louis Silverstein is sixteen and several months ago he was in the yard of P. S. 19 in Brooklyn, watching several youths playing cards. Suddenly the cry went up, "A cop." The players scurried away, but Louis because of a recent operation for appendicitis, was not so fleet as the others. The brave policeman, Patrolman Martin Milano, came upon Louis. With a swing of his club he felled him. Then as the boy lay prostrate on the ground Milano struck him once on the legs and once on the shoulders. All this for watching some boys playing cards. Louis will not only carry the scars of broken bones throughout life. He will also have a tremendous respect for the law that punishes trivialities and for the brave cops that enforce the law.

That is how most cop-haters are made. The paranoics not only become cop-haters; they also become cop-killers, and they don't care which cop they kill. The mysterious sniper who used a Maxim silencer and killed a score of policemen in an American city some time ago may have had his legs broken by one of them. There is usually a reason for everything.

Harry Golstein and Philip Sucklo were sentenced some time ago to four months in the workhouse. Detectives saw them jostling passengers on a B. M. T. trolley. The majesty of the law marches on with sweeping gesture.

Isadore Major was sentenced to ten days in jail because he refused to obey a policeman's order to move on. Major was passing out handbills advertising a mass meeting at Union Square to protest the Scottsboro verdict. The policeman didn't like Reds and all that smacked of them. He arrested Major on a charge of disorderly conduct. You would be surprised what the term disorderly conduct covers. Major got ten days for it.

A gorilla may get twenty years for rubbing out a gangster who tried to "muscle in." But John D. Pettet will spend the rest of his life in White Plains jail as a result of the sixth contempt order his wife, Mrs. Clara L. Pettet, has obtained against him. Originally Mr. Pettet went to jail for alimony arrears. As soon as he paid these, Mrs. Pettet obtained another arrest order based on the new arrears which piled up while Pettet was in jail for the previous arrears. As soon as he paid the second arrears, Pettet was jailed for still other arrears. And so this will go on. Pettet has no chance to escape the vicious cycle because when he is in jail arrears are certain to pile up. Pettet has to all intents and purposes been sentenced to life imprisonment.

Nor is Pettet the only one who will spend the rest of his days in jail for offending the majesty of the law. There are hundreds of others. There is Steve Dohan who will remain in the Danbury jail because he is unable to pay a judgment of $3,800 rendered against him. In May, 1931, Dohan, a prosperous farmer, sold three pigs to Edward Legiere, a neighbor. One of the pigs was blind. Legiere and Mrs. Lillian Smith, his housekeeper, went to the Dohan piggery and exchanged the blind pig for one that could see. Dohan saw Legiere carrying the squealing pig on his back. Thinking they were stealing one of his pigs, Dohan shot the woman. The depression then hit Dohan's business and, when Mrs. Smith sued and obtained a judgment for $3,800 Dohan could not pay. Charles W. Murphy, Mrs. Smith's attorney, had Dohan jailed on August 26, 1932. He is paying Dohan's board to the state at $1 a day. The board was paid up until January 1, 1933.

There are many more instances, and there isn't much point in repeating them all. This article concerns not what the law does to the real criminal, but to the average man and woman in the street. More often than not it isn't the criminal who finds himself in the clutches of the law. It is the man or woman who violates a traffic rule, or the boy who shines shoes or plays ball in a school yard. There is no gainsaying that a grave injustice is committed when an adult or a child is

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arrested for some trivial offense and sentenced to jail for it.

With the majority of people nothing may ever come of the incident, but in the case of the neurotic or potential paranoic the initial psychic trauma of an arrest for shining shoes or playing ball will leave a lifelong impression. It will result in contempt for the law and for those who enforce it. It will result in sympathy for real criminals, and may explain why certain juries can be so easily "hung" or why a real criminal will go scot free for a crime he actually committed.

Real prophylaxis in medicine begins with taking care of the little ills to prevent them from becoming big ones. The mole on the cheek should not be irritated because it may become a cancer and kill. Neither should the ordinary chest cold because it may result in pneumonia which will also kill. It isn't the specialist in medicine who saves the greatest number of lives. It is the general practitioner. In the administration of the law it is the same. It isn't the judges of the higher courts who can do most to prevent little crimes from becoming big ones or criminals being made of people who had no intention of becoming criminals.

Real prophylaxis in crime lies with the policeman and the magistrate. Jail sentences for shining shoes or allowing a shoulder strap to slip on a bathing suit or playing ball in a school yard will not prevent crime but foster it. If the irritative little incidents of the law were eliminated it would be regarded with greater respect. The policeman who slugs a man because he wears a red shirt and looks like a Communist, or the magistrate who sentences a bootblack to jail for shining shoes on private property, are the real criminals, because by these acts they are promoting crime. It is time for reform in the law, not only for the good of the men and women whom the law affects, but also for the law itself.

ANGELUS BELLS

By JOHN F. O'HAGAN

RECENTLY while rambling among those monuments in lower New York that measure man's material might, yet whose skyscraping pinnacles so hopelessly clutch like hungry fingers toward heaven, I was inspired to a peculiar mental journey as I heard the Angelus ring out. That prayerful pealing heard above the din of the world's busiest streets caused me mentally to meander to strange far-away places. On memory's wings I was carried to snow-enslaved sub-Arctic wastes and to dangerous reptile- and fever-ridden tropical jungles, where I had observed peculiar incidents in connection with the thrice-daily reminder of the divine message to Mary. It was a strange interest aroused in me when as a boy I first beheld animals that had been trained to halt, as if in reverent obedience to the bellful benediction from some near-by belfry.

As a youngster I frequently rode with an Irishman of the old school, whose love of horses was considerably satisfied by a fine team of sorrel trotters. His Donegal whiskers, his fine clear blue eyes, and a healthy crop of white hair topped a massive physique that was the reward of his long manual labors. This Civil War veteran will forever remain to me the man who taught highly spirited horses to obey the Angelus bells. Even in heavy traffic, that fine pair of blooded equines would come to a dead halt when they heard the notes ring out from the steeple of St. John's Church in Orange, New Jersey.

Traveling far and wide I have heard, like a resonating rosary, the beads of which were the belfries girdling the earth, those bells that are at some time in some place forever reminding an unmindful world that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." Across the years I remembered that old Irishman with a peculiar pang of sorrow as I found in strange places and among strange races his counterparts who had taught the brute companions of their toil to stop and listen to those bells that call the faithful to prayer.

Early one evening, just north of Ponce, in Puerto Rico, I was riding with the late Colonel George R. Shanton, Chief of Insular Police, and called by some writers "The Last of the Great Westerners." As we cantered our horses around a curve in the hills we came abreast of an old fellow riding a mule. In front of him, on a heavy pad, was strapped a large mother-of-pearl inlaid accordion. On the flank of the mule contentedly sat a monkey dressed in a red uniform and wearing a little crimson-colored cap with a cup slung from a cord about his neck. Weather-beaten and sun-dried until it seemed as if it would crack, the deep-lined, pock-marked skin of this tiny troubadour of tropical trails testified to his long travels in the open. The colonel greeted this minstrel of Old Spain pleasantly and asked him to play a few tunes. He graciously consented, and as we brought our horses to a walk his nimble fingers sent out on the evening air a lay that he had learned in his native Toledo. The monkey, with an eye to business, hopped to our saddles with empty cup. Suddenly the mule halted. The

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musician dropped his accordion, rose in his stirrups, doffed his sombrero, made the Sign of the Cross and in Spanish began to pray. The monkey uncovered, also made the Sign of the Cross and stood motionless on the flanks of their long-eared transport. On the quiet air we heard the bells of the beautiful old cathedral in Ponce. It was the Angelus. His devotion completed, Old Ernesto resumed his playing as we rode along in the gathering twilight.

In the southwest of Idaho, I was riding with a friend after a day's hunting. Evening shadows, like giant wings, were wrapping themselves about the countryside. We watched large flocks of sheep, appearing as a sea of foam bordered by lush grass that was made restless by the breeze. Shepherd dogs were driving the animals toward a gorge to the west, that seemed like a doorway in the mountain. The sun was quietly slipping behind the scarred summit in the distance as though being pulled down by some giant hand which sought to tuck away the golden disc in the mountain vault for safe-keeping. As the sheep were herded into a tight line they betook the appearance of a gigantic greyish brown serpent slithering through the green vegetation. The riders were Basques; "Boscos" they call them out there. Suddenly the dogs stopped barking, the sheep stood still, the riders halted their horses, doffed their sombreros and rose in their saddles. As we listened we heard ringing out on the clear air that musical memoriam of the message to Mary, the fulfilment of which made forever possible the joyous bells of Christmas and Easter morns. Their devotion ended, these benign Basques, driving their flocks into the darkening depths, disappeared in the gathering dusk.

On a beautiful May night, with four companions and three "Mozos," we rolled up in our ponchos to sleep on a knoll alongside of an ancient trail in the mountains of Zacatecas, Mexico. Here the sky is so blue and the stars are so bright that one imagines, if standing tip-toe, they could be plucked from the heavens, so close do they appear. The nocturnal calls of prowling creatures shrilly punctured the clear air every now and then. To the strumming of guitars by two of our *caballeros,* I finally fell asleep. We were not far from the famous Bolanos silver mine, which has the world's production record with an output of 400,000,000 fine ounces. It was the ingots of precious metal from this great producer that for centuries required the parochial seal of the village *Padre,* guaranteeing weight and quality, before they were acceptable for export.

A combination of twittering calls and songs from the birds in the stately old trees and the constant pound of hoof-beats awoke me at daybreak. I arose on my elbow and beheld a long pack train of burros laden with sacks of ore. They had begun their trip down a steep grade. Suddenly they stopped. The *mestizos* removed their sombreros, blessed themselves and stood in devout prayer. These simple Mexican mountain mine men, ever devoted to Our Lady of Guadalupe, had heard the ringing of the distant Angelus. The peeling prayer ended, these faithful little burros, one of whose progenitors had the immortal distinction of carrying the most precious burden ever borne by man or beast—the alarmed Mary and her Divine Child on their flight into Egypt—continued down the trail and out of sight.

To determine the effect of continued sub-zero temperatures on the new Edison alkaline storage battery, I was sent by the inventor to Edmonton, Canada. Trucks of the Canadian Pacific Express Company were being used for the experiment. One week-end I accepted the invitation of Jack Neil, musher and trapper, to try the new experience of traveling out in the cold country north of Edmonton by dog team. The adventure appealed to me and I accepted. With us was a Cree Indian youth who had raised and trained the seven Malamute breeds in the team. Toward noon of the second day, with the temperature 25 below zero, we were moving along nicely in the audibly still air. The dogs, as though suddenly bewitched, turned about in their tracks, looked at their Indian driver, howled toward the north and sat down. The Cree put his whip under his arm and made the Sign of the Cross. The dogs, with their uncanny hearing, had heard the bells of the Indian Mission several miles away . The Cree rewarded his dogs for picking up the Angelus bells by giving them extra chunks of frozen fish.

With two other naval officers, shortly after the World War, I spent an afternoon sight-seeing among the ruins of St. Pierre, the "dead City by the Sea" in Martinique, French West Indies. Here, more than thirty thousand inhabitants suffocated from the sulphurous spasms spurted from the so long slumbering volcano, Mt. Pelée, which destroyed in a few moments a whole city in one of the most appalling disasters of history. In a rattling old car (one of the few at that time on the island), we started to drive back over the hills toward the new capital, Fort de France, in whose bay lay at anchor the U. S. S. Utah, to which we were attached. A series of minor breakdowns assumed major importance—for two of us were to stand the second half of the dog watch and were due back at the ship at half past five o'clock. As we drove the car as fast as she would travel along the high, bumpy, deep-rutted roads, we remarked a ship in a troughy sea seemed much easier going. Beautiful crimson and pale blue

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flowers stretched like great carpets in the valleys below. At every turn in the road was a grotto before which burned hand-fashioned tapers and about which flowers had been placed by those poor pious people who were among the last descendants of the Caribs, whom Columbus found when he discovered the West Indies. We were due back at the landing for the five o'clock running boat. It was already ten minutes of six. As we came to the last hill above the city, we made a turn in the road and to our dismay there beheld a line of sugar-cane-laden bullock carts. There was no room for our car to pass until we would come to the entrance to some plantation. Just as we got close to these lumbering vehicles of the tropics, all stopped at once. The drivers stood up, off came their chapeaux, they made the Sign of the Cross and leisurely recited the Angelus, while my Protestant shipmates swore in superior deep-sea fashion. Bells, like a twilight benediction, could be heard ringing from the belfry of the old church down there near the savanna in the city, the edifice before whose altars Josephine, first wife of Napoleon, had prayed as a girl. We were late, of course, for our running boat and our watch, but a brief explanation of the cause of the delay was agreeably accepted.

A penalty for the obedience of animals to the devotion of their master's answer to the summons to prayer of the Angelus bells, which stands out more prominently than all others, occurred in the Province of Veregua, Panama. With Captain John Sarsfield Sheridan, last of the professional revolutionists of the West Indies, who had turned to the more prosaic pursuits of mine operator, we went down the coast from Balboa to Aqua Dulce, thence overland to the high plateau running through the middle section of the southern republic. We were out for puma and oscelot, hunting with a pack of cougar hounds that had been imported from Wyoming years before. A few miles from David, the ancient capital of Panama, we stopped at a hacienda and procured saddle and pack horses for our trip into the interior. Three Cholo Indians accompanied us. On the evening of the second day the pace and blood-stirring baying of the dogs indicated we were on a hot trail. We increased our gait, moved by the expectancy of a kill. In a few moments we came to an *arroyo* with a Cholo riding to the rear. Captain Sheridan and the other two *vaqueros* were further back. Shortly we approached a clearing which ended at a gorge several hundred feet deep through which the Rio de Sierra ran with torrential speed toward the Pacific.

On a ledge about twelve feet square and about fifteen feet high, stood about eighty pounds of snarling, spitting, savage, spotted oscelot—majestic in its muscular might and baring its teeth in defiance to the death-desiring dogs which jumped in vain to reach their prey. Like a fierce statue, at times frozen in its ferocity, this magnificent example of the age old hatred of dog and cat was a sight I shall never forget. The largest of the hounds, in his delirious desire to reach the oscelot, was increasing the height of his jumps with every leap. Just then my horse stopped, as if paralyzed by fear. I turned to call for my thirty-thirty rifle. To my consternation, twenty paces to the rear, also standing motionless, was the horse behind. The Cholo was uncovered and standing in his stirrups. Just as I looked forward again I saw the oscelot leap the chasm and disappear on the other side of the stream. When the Indian came up I told him I had just lost the opportunity for a magnificent head or shoulder shot at an oscelot. With the stolidity of his race he calmly answered in Spanish, "Always can catch cat but no always can catch bells." The horses and Indian, with their keen hearing trained to tune out sounds in the open, had heard the evening Angelus from one of the oldest belfries in the New World. Darkness soon set in. We made camp, but never again caught sight of an oscelot.

Riding in the medieval country northeast of Lisbon, with the American Minister to Portugal, Colonel Thomas Burch, we came to the outskirts of a village where we beheld an ancient grist mill. To the gigantic top stone, which was about thirty feet in diameter, was attached four long, horizontal shafts, each ninety degrees apart, and to the end of each was hitched a mule.

These four equidistantly placed animals, forever going but never getting anywhere, were indeed slaves to a circle, a path that had been worn almost knee-deep by their years of aimless travel. Here the staff of life had been ground in the same primitive fashion long before Magellan sailed toward the westering sun to make the first circumnavigation of the globe. The plodding mules suddenly stopped. A gaudily dressed old woman, apparently in charge, dropped a long bull whip and made the Sign of the Cross. Bells were ringing out from an ancient monastery on a near-by hill. The belling ended, the mules lay down for a siesta.

Colonel Burch was interested in our observations. I told him of the obedience of animals to the devotion of their masters to Angelus bells that I had noticed in many parts of the world. He was surprised when I told him of my observation as a boy with a team of horses that came from his home town of Burlington, New Jersey. He was suffused when I announced they had been bred by his own father. With a cloud of mist in his eyes we left these quaint old surroundings where the Angelus bells had begun sounding for us notes of reminiscence which we continued to play upon until late in the night.

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RICH AND STRANGE

By LOUISE OWEN

THERE is a dramatic carelessness about the sea, everywhere; but here, on this funny narrow strip of land that curls around until it almost doubles on itself, that carelessness assumes really malicious proportions. It goes on, continually changing the geography of the Cape, as it has been doing for so many years, removing tons and tons of sand from one place and heaping them up again in another, and giving this end of the Cape a peculiar dreamlike quality. The New Beach, which last year was a wide gold stripe along the shore, this year is only a thin, sad yellow line. During winter storms the whole population of Provincetown dons slickers and goes out to watch the ocean as it gulps great mouthfuls of the shoreline, and reaches its flashing teeth toward the town itself. More than one house has been devoured by the sea. . . .

Even in the shelter of the harbor, so safe for ships to anchor and for children to swim, the dreamlike air of unreality is as pervasive as the smell of fish and salt. It seems incredible that water which was all dark blue and green only last evening, or sullen and slate-grey the day before, should tonight be still as a pond under the sunset, and mystically colored apricot and silver like a surrealistic lake.

The half-moon is high in the sky, but as yet hardly shines at all; it is pale, just visible, a ghost in the twilight air. Ordinarily at this hour of late afternoon, it is all quietude and serenity; tonight, as yesterday, the tide has come unobtrusively high up the beach again, and remains at its peak, without rippling, without restlessness, catching its breath before the next ebb begins. But suddenly, outside my window and all but brushing against it, up and down the shore, over the surface of the whole harbor, the gulls assemble and cry; their sickle-wings lift them, drop them, they skim the water like swallows. The harbor is invaded; the water is full of little fish, colored like herring in a herring-brook, just the darkness of the water as they swim along, but showing silver sides and bellies when they turn or jump. There are so many of them that the still water is dimpled as if great drops of rain were falling. They make quick little leaps into the air, flying three or four inches over the surface almost faster than the eye can follow them, and dropping back like miniature flying-fish, sometimes even seeming to make a succession of leaps, like a stone skipped by a child. The water is a meadow spattered with the lanterns of fireflies, but silver instead of gold.

It is duskier now, and the moon is phosphorescent. Grey veils draw themselves over sky and water, the Highland Light flashes from the left, half way to Truro, the Wood End Light flashes red from the right, and the Long Point Light is a steady gleam out at the tip of the last long curve of land that is the end of the Cape. The little fish still dance, but their silver sides show only faintly; and suddenly, again, the gulls are gone, the twilight is gone, the water utters a soft sigh as the withdrawing of the tide becomes perceptible.

And again the next evening at twilight there appears, all at once, a dark band two or three feet wide, in the grey-green water at the very edge of the sand where the ripples of the rising tide are breaking. It extends for hundreds of yards up and down the beach: millions of tommy-cod, two to four inches long, with dark green backs and silver bellies. Every few seconds it looks as if someone were stirring the mass with a stick, creating a whirlpool of quicksilver. Out just beyond the tommy-cod are hordes of tinker mackerel, their dappled markings visible as they dart in and out of the dark band, seizing a mouthful each time. The tiny fish are so terrified that they pay no attention to the people they usually flee from; they crowd against feet and ankles, feeling like wet velvet; hands reached in after them lift them out by double handfuls and pour them back like dripping silver. They swarm so close to the beach that every ripple leaves them stranded by the dozen, flipping up and down desperately in their struggle to get back into the water. Even the mackerel are so greedy that they forget their two ancient enemies, man and air. They rush into the nets outstretched to catch them, and they are washed up on the sand as they fill their mouths with cod.

The drama extends farther into the water than can be seen from the shore; for the next morning, when the tide is out, the beach is strewn with bodies of the squid that had chased the mackerel inshore: strange red fish five or six inches long, with tentacles hanging from their mouths like spaghetti—small monsters made more appalling by the fact that they can swim backward, slaying as they go. The internecine undersea warfare makes even the human race seem amateurs in destruction.

On the ocean side of Provincetown, however, there is a long, almost deserted beach where a happy curtain is provided for the tragic drama of the fish. Here, after a difficult half-mile of heavy walking through sand, among the rounded or wave-shaped dunes, the water stretches in a tremendous sheet of pure cobalt all the way to France. The surf breaks whitely on the clean sand, and there is no one in sight on the wide beach that extends for miles in both directions. But overhead the air is full of tern, beautiful sea-swallows with long pointed wings and forked tails, snow-white in the brilliant sun, with black caps and rose-colored beaks. They circle and float, and make quick savage darts at human invaders of the beach: for in the dry warm sand, well above the high-tide line, among the black of dry sea-weed and the grey of drift-wood, are hundreds of eggs, lying exposed to the sun. There are no nests, only the scattered eggs, with no protection but their grey-yellow color and black markings, which make them practically invisible among the flotsam of the beach. Here and there an egg has hatched, and baby birds like grey powder-puffs, marked with black like the eggs, wait for the parents to bring them minnows.

At the first cool breath of approaching night, each mother tern circles and hovers over her own egg or chick, and lights on the sand to keep it warm for the night. By dark the beach is quiet; there is no more sound, no more motion, except the white waves and the dark wind.

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SEVEN DAYS' SURVEY

The Church.—The first issue of *Catholic Missions* in its new form—a twenty-four-page rotogravure of remarkable photographs from different parts of the globe—was expected to be in the hands of more than 2,500,000 American Catholics on October 7, in preparation for Mission Sunday, October 21. * * * The Italian Women's Union of Catholic Action, which numbers over 8,000 parish groups and 306,325 members in addition to the 600,000 members of the affiliated Catholic Girls' Union, has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. * * * The local ruler of the Egba people of southern Nigeria has launched the project of erecting a bronze monument to Father Jean Marie Coquard, O. B. E., of the Lyons Missionaries, priest, physician and founder of the Sacred Heart Hospital in Abeokuta. In the opinion of the secular *Nigerian Daily Times,* "If anyone has ever deserved the devotion, respect and veneration of the Egba people and the Africans of Nigeria in general, the late Father Coquard was that man." * * * A cast of 3,000 persons, including many Catholics of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, were to present the historical pageant, "Soul of Maryland," at the Baltimore Stadium, October 5 and 6. * * * The third National Congress of Young Christian Workers at Paris last month attracted 8,000 delegates; the Trocadero proved to be too small to accommodate 2,500 of them. * * * Seventy thousand students from grammar schools, high schools, colleges and universities paraded through Chicago's Loop, September 27, to demonstrate to the city that its Catholic youth is firmly supporting the Legion of Decency in its efforts to clean up the movies. * * * A message conveying the Apostolic Blessing of the Holy Father was read by Bishop Noll of Fort Wayne at the solemn pontifical Mass which opened the annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women at Washington, D. C., September 30.

The Nation.—The retirement of General Johnson and the President's radio message to the nation, two towering peaks in the events of the week, are dealt with at length elsewhere. Supplementing them was the President's creation of two of three boards which will take over the authority previously exercised by General Johnson. These boards reflect the checks and balance system devised by the founding fathers for the nation's federal government, and are to be respectively legislative, executive and judicial in function. Only the judicial board remains to be appointed. * * * The legislative branch, known as the Industrial Policy Committee, is composed of: Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior; Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor; Chester C. Davis, Agricultural Adjustment Administrator; Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Emergency Relief Administrator; Donald R. Richberg, general counsel of the NRA and director of the committee; and the chairman of the executive board. * * * The executive, or administrative, branch, known as the National Industrial Recovery Board, is composed of: chairman, S. Clay Williams, former president of the Reynolds Tobacco Company; Arthur D. Whiteside, president of Dun and Bradstreet, Incorporated; Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers; Leon C. Marshall, professor in the institute of law of Johns Hopkins University; and Walton H. Hamilton, professor of constitutional law at Yale University. * * * Through the efforts of the National Labor Relations Board, ship owners for the first time since the war agreed to negotiate with the International Seamen's Union, and a threatened strike which would have tied up practically all shipping on the Atlantic seaboard and Gulf of Mexico was averted. The Marine Workers' Industrial Union, a Communist organization claiming 10,000 members, still threatened a strike of its members. * * * Lloyd K. Garrison, chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, resigned to resume his position as acting dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School. * * * The Commerce Department announced that August exports were valued at $171,965,000, the highest level for that month since 1930, and were $40,492,000 greater than a year ago. Imports, however, declined to $117,288,000, compared with $154,918,000 a year ago and $124,010,000 in July.

The Wide World.—The United Press reported that agreement was "in sight" between France and Italy on vital matters of political and economy policy. It was said that Paris would abandon the theory of French naval domination in the Mediterranean, that agreement on Danubian questions would be reached, and that the Bank of France would underwrite a considerable portion of an Italian internal loan. * * * The bodies of Monsignor Seipel and Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss have been disinterred, and placed side by side in Vienna's new memorial chapel. Elaborate ceremonies, including a pontifical high Mass in St. Stephen's Cathedral, marked a nation's tribute to two whose lives were given "in the common good." * * * The Cabinet headed by Premier Ibañez collapsed on October 1, owing primarily to opposition from Gil Robles and his Accion Popular party. The charge was that the Cabinet had been inefficient, especially in dealing with the Catalan situation. It was announced that former Premier Alejandro Lerroux had formed a government based primarily on Radical Republican and Catholic support. Acts of political violence have increased in Spain, charges of assault and incendiarism being brought against a large number of young students. * * * Hungary has been entertaining Colonel Franz von Papen, who is said to be on a "hunting expedition." It is likewise said that Prince von Starhemberg has joined the party. Rumor has it that the Hapsburg problem is up for serious discussion. * * * The president of Colombia has inaugurated a "cocktail hour," during which affairs of moment can be discussed informally by protagonists of administration and opposi-

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tion views. * * * The British Labor party, meeting in an important session, voiced strong opposition to Fascism but also took occasion to censure members suspected of leaning toward Communism. Charges were brought that Lord Marley and some of his associates in the work of opposition to Hitler Germany were allied with Bolshevist groups. His Lordship denied the allegations.

* * * *

Executive Report of the A. F. of L.—The executive council of the American Federation of Labor issued its annual report September 30, the day before the federation's convention opened in San Francisco. Prefacing its remarks by saying, "Now that we can look back on this depression as a completed experience," it proceeded to set forth its own analysis of our post-war economics. In assigning causes for conditions, it of course treads highly controversial territory; goes persuasively but not overwhelmingly. It emphasizes most "the collapse of our top-heavy debt structure," the intensification of technological problems and the disproportionate production of capital goods. Most convincing is the picture of the present economic condition of workers, which guarantees that recovery can appear no better than slow. The report includes ten measures to improve NRA: It should be treated "from a long-time rather than a purely emergency point of view." Codes should be reopened to effect the original purposes of reemployment and increased wages. They should be reopened on petition by labor. Compliance should be divorced from the administration of NRA. The government should exert all its powers to enforce codes and labor decisions. Collective bargaining and "the destruction of company unions" must come. The government should provide adequate information, reporting and planning. Labor must be made an active partner "in the supposed partnership of government, industry and labor." Service industries should be put under codes, and no exceptions should be granted intrastate businesses. A NRA should be created for the benefit of farm labor. The federation claims that 12,000,000 persons rely on its activities, that there is a total of 5,650,000 in organized unions, and that 2,824,689 are paid-up members in good standing.

The Movies Clean House.—Parochial schools throughout the country continued to interest children in the purposes of the Legion of Decency which, as Archbishop John T. McNicholas said in a radio address, has for its long-range aim "to maintain an intelligent interest in the cinema, to encourage and to elicit candid criticism, and to make the people more discriminating in their tastes." Cardinal Mundelein, as quoted in a news dispatch from Rome, seemed to feel that the immediate objectives of the crusade had been gained and that henceforth the attitude of the Legion would be one of alert watchfulness. In New York some Catholic spokesmen were even more optimistic, holding that five months of campaigning had produced remarkable results. The Interfaith Committee, of which Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle was chairman, was somewhat less enthusiastic. Commenting upon the industry's effort to effect self-regulation under the direction of Mr. Joseph Breen, a Protestant member of the committee—the Reverend Walter M. Howlett—declared: "There is a general feeling that the Breen administration will not last very long. In view of past performances, we don't expect Hollywood to stick to its reform program. If it doesn't, the motion-picture industry will hear pretty strongly from us." In a radio address, Bishop James H. Ryan, rector of the Catholic University, said that the sole aim of the Legion was "clean, wholesome movies."

Russian Franchise.—The Soviet Central Executive Committee issued a decree, September 30, dealing with the Seventh All-Union Congress of Soviets. The Constitution entrusts "supreme authority" to this Congress, and the elections to it take several months. This year about 90,000,000 will have the right to vote, 10,000,000 more than when the present Congress was elected. These newly enfranchised will be for the most part reformed Kulaks who were ostracized in the campaign against individualistic farming, and their enfranchisement is taken as a reflection of success in agricultural collectivization. The decree states in language not generally associated with the new Russia: "Restoration of voting privileges to the head of a family covers all members of said family unless there is some special reason for depriving them of the privilege." There are two basic types of elected soviets (councils with executive and legislative power in their spheres) in the U. S. S. R.: village and town or factory. These "reelect" delegates to district soviets which in turn reelect to regional congresses which again reelect to the All-Union Congress. Town and factory workers have a twofold advantage over village. They are allowed one representative in the All-Union Congress for every 25,000 voters, compared with one for every 125,000. They achieve representation not only through indirect "reelection" but also select men directly to the supreme Congress. The Congress delegates its powers to the Central Executive Committee which selects the Councils of Nationalities and of the Union, and most important, the permanent Presidium and the Council of People's Commissars. These latters are controlled absolutely by the Communist party and suggestions go down from them and not directly up from the supreme Congress.

Popular Panaceas.—Two new economic cults are spreading rapidly from California, according to George Creel, defeated opponent of Upton Sinclair in the California primaries. One is the Utopians, he said, a secret society that has enrolled over 500,000 members in fifteen Western states in the six months since its organization and is spreading rapidly eastward. The principal aim of this society is the abolishment of the profit system and its replacement by a system of producing for use. The method of organization is the holding of meetings limited to ten persons who meet at the home of one of their number whereupon each of these persons pledges himself to secure one more member for the society. The Utopians' plan differs from Communism in that the members swear to support the Constitution, reject Communist ideas of

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violent class warfare to attain their ends and would set up a government guaranteeing the well-being of the family rather than an all-powerful, regimented state as in Russia. The other of the two economic cults, said Mr. Creel, was started by Dr. Townsend, an elderly physician of Long Beach, California, and has accumulated the signatures of more than 2,000,000 supporters in forty-seven states. This plan is for a retirement payment of $200 a month to all persons over sixty, with a proviso that each month's allowance must be spent within thirty days. The system would be financed by a sales tax and it is estimated that it would take 8,000,000 persons out of industrial competition and add $2,000,000,000 a month to the purchasing power and business turn-over of the country. Mr. Creel reported that proponents of the plan announced they would have 5,000,000 signatures by the time the next Congress met and would then seek to effect the necessary legislation to carry out their program.

Women in Germany.—Will the Nazis succeed in carrying out the strategy against woman which is an integral part of Hitler's "New Deal"? Speaking in New York at the *Herald Tribune* Conference on Current Problems, Frau Mathilde Wurm, exiled Reichstag member, hinted that it might be difficult. She quoted *Die Deutsche Kämpferin,* Nazi woman's periodical, to the effect that the official "program" was not all attar of roses. Part of this is summarized as follows: girls should become familiar with brooms and kettles, in other words, turn servants; housewives ought to restrain themselves from seeking pay envelopes and devote attention exclusively to the home; and in order that homemaking may be a success, every family should employ a servant. The periodical comments: it is not so easy to turn servant, in times when the average family, looking back on better times, cannot even afford to keep itself going; and it is certainly not every woman's lot to find a man adequately equipped for marriage and parenthood. As a matter of fact the Ministry of Labor, confronted during 1934 with 60,000 girls just graduated from schools, issued the order that there was to be a "household year" during which—it was hoped—numerous families would "take on a girl for a year as a novice." This has meant in practise wholesale substitution of unpaid "novices" for regularly employed servants, and the shipment of many girls to large eastern farms as "hands." The temper of the government is indicated, however, in an order issued some few months ago, which stated that where unemployed women "still do exist, they must be handed over to marriage, household and agriculture." If the ladies demur, adds a threatening note, they will be prosecuted "by competent authorities."

Excavations in Palestine.—*Schönere Zukunft,* of Vienna, has summarized reports of recent archeological excavations in Palestine. Reconstruction of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem has brought to light interesting remains of the ancient basilica which goes back to the times of Constantine and his mother, Saint Helena. Precious mosaics and significant inscriptions are among the findings. Austrian authorities report that the site of Golgotha has been determined. Investigators, working on the property of the Ladies of Sion, discovered what is assumed to be a portion of the paved street to which Saint John refers—"Lithostratos Gabbatha." The Emperor Hadrian caused to be erected on Golgotha a temple of Venus, which alone sufficed to mark the spot. An English account states that the ancient city of Gaza, which Samson once carried away on his shoulders, has been excavated, the most remarkable single "find" being a golden ornament which seems to have been brought from southern Ireland in the days of old when copper and gold were among the treasures of Erin. Digging at Mount Nebo, Professor Nelson Gluck, of the American College in Bagdad, found "stones with iron in them," thus verifying the description of the region given in Deuteronomy.

Alternatives to the Dole.—The October *Fortune* reports 17,000,000 Americans now on relief rolls with 10,000,000 more not yet on relief in families without income from wage earners. One job provides for 2½ persons. This winter relief rolls will exceed 20,000,000 and even if unemployment decreases they are expected to rise "for another year at least." Directly or indirectly P.W.A. is keeping 4,500,000 people off the relief rolls, while the expensive C.C.C. program is providing for 1,000,000 more. The Federal Relief Administration is providing three-quarters of relief expenditures at the cost of $100,000,000 a month. Activities of the Federal Surplus Relief Corporation in supplying food, clothing and bedding are expected to increase as relief rolls grow. Here and there in small cities in rural areas barter cooperatives have proved moderately successful. Eighty thousand rural families are being rehabilitated quite successfully with federal aid, but the large industrial cities and the unemployed generally are supported by direct, or the more expensive work relief. A Relief Administration official proposes that everyone be put back at his old job (in industry and agriculture) for the number of hours required to support his family, and that the surplus he produces be purchased by the government for the needy. *Fortune* sees in unemployment insurance the only other alternative. It has been suggested elsewhere that the solution lies in spreading available work among available workers at the cost of a lower return on capital. *Fortune* expects the demand for work to bring grave social disorders this winter, but fears that in time "the dole" will lead to widespread economic despair.

At Buenos Aires.—The first official act of the International Eucharistic Congress was the opening of the exhibition of religious art blessed by Monsignor Santiago Copello, Archbishop of Buenos Aires, in the presence of representatives of the government and the Church. Six Argentine cruisers were detailed to meet the S. S. Conte Grande, which is carrying Cardinal Pacelli, the first Papal Secretary of State since the time of Napoleon I to be sent abroad by the Holy Father. As the six cruisers escort Cardinal Pacelli to the dock at Buenos Aires, His Eminence will receive the artillery salute accorded to a ruling sovereign. The President of the Argentine Re-

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public, Cabinet Ministers and municipal authorities will greet the Papal Secretary of State upon his arrival, and eight State coaches, one bearing Cardinal Pacelli and President Justo and escorted by two squadrons of Grenadier Guards, will transport the delegates to the cathedral through streets lined with sailors from the battleships in the harbor. The National Broadcasting Company has announced that the United States will hear speakers from the Eucharistic Congress from 6:00 to 6:15 p. m. Eastern Standard Time: October 8, the Right Reverend Monsignor Eugene J. McGuinness of Chicago; October 9, Dr. James J. Walsh of New York; October 10, Reverend C. C. Martindale, S. J., of London; October 11, speaker to be announced later; October 12, Joseph J. Scott of Los Angeles; October 13, the Most Reverend John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis.

Flight from California.—Since California Democrats nominated Upton Sinclair in August, public bonds within the state have lost $50,000,000 in value. Various financial houses have analyzed the shrinkage and decided that capital is in somewhat precipitous flight because of Sinclair's plan to End Poverty In California. State bonds have declined more than 6 percent while typical state issues have gone down only 1 or 1½ percent. Blyth and Company reports: "The average twenty-year bond of the classifications (state, county, district and city bonds) was selling at the time of the primary for $1,050 and now is quoted around $1,013." The bonds of the four principal gas and electric utilities have fallen more than 7 percent, while utilities throughout the country were declining fractionally or rising. Southern Pacific is down 4 percent while Pennsylvania is off only seven-tenths of 1 percent. California utility preferred stocks have gone down from 8 to 12 percent while at the same time in other parts of the country the limit has been 5 percent and the more frequent only 1 percent. Dow-Jones averages show Pacific Coast industrial stocks are down 6 percent and thirty Eastern industrials are off only 3 percent. The fluidity of capital is once more demonstrated in statistical form, and once again, as in the beginning when Cosimo de Medici removed his funds to Venice, the difficulties of effecting disproportional changes in one locality of a large, interconnected capitalist area, are demonstrated.

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Curtailing Real Wealth.—The danger that those parts of the New Deal which aim to control production would mean the stabilization of the American standard of living "at or near the depression level," was described by Alfred T. Falk, director of the bureau of research of the Advertising Federation of America. "The Rock of Gibraltar for all economic theories," he said, "is the obvious fact that we cannot divide more wealth than is produced." He made reference to the Brookings Institution statistics showing that in 1929 only 10 percent of the families in the United States had income sufficient to buy a "liberal diet" as defined by the Department of Agriculture and that if the remaining 90 percent had been raised to this standard, it would have required a 75 percent increase in the 1929 volume of consumers' goods. In attempting to raise purchasing power through restriction of production, he said, government planners are attacking the problem from the wrong end. Between July, 1933, and July, 1934, with a shorter work-week and higher rates of pay in force, total payrolls in the country increased about 17 percent but, due to increased costs, department store sales failed to gain proportionately. Gross sales in July, 1934, were only 4 percent greater than a year earlier, and since prices were on the average 13 percent higher, the physical volume of goods must have declined. "Many of the officials in Washington," he said, "are academically and emotionally prejudiced against advertising. They see advertising only as an added expense in the cost of distribution. They fail to recognize in advertising a most potent ally for our early recovery and future advancement."

The Navy to the Rescue.—Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper announced on October 2 that as a direct result of the Morro Castle disaster senior officers of the United States Navy would be assigned to American passenger vessels to make certain that life and fire drills are held regularly and that lifeboats, watertight doors and other safeguards to life are in proper working condition. They are expected to be particularly proficient in advising on matters of discipline. These officers are to make voyages on American vessels "from time to time" rather than to have definite posts on particular vessels. Rear Admiral William D. Leahy, chief of the navy Bureau of Navigation, declared that the navy could easily cooperate with the Department of Commerce in the matter provided too many officers were not called for. Mr. Roper stated that he had been in touch with steamship company officials and expected their full cooperation. It is also understood that the plan has the hearty support of President Roosevelt. It was suggested that Secretary Roper's program might be preliminary to bringing all our merchant marine officers into the ranks of the United States Naval Reserve.

Hazard of the Air.—On the night of September 27 a new, and fortunately rare, hazard was added to aviation. A New York-San Francisco airliner was forced to dodge flaming and exploding meteors, one of them "big as a barn." Dr. Earle B. Linsley, director of Chabot Observatory, said the meteor shower was "not unusual, and probably due to celestial wanderers which strolled into the earth's field and were picked up by it." The cause of explosion is not known certainly but is supposed to result from the sudden rise in surface temperature brought by friction when the meteor falls into air. The United Air Line plane, with thirteen aboard, was cruising 7,000 feet above Solano County, California, when it ran into the spectacular shower. Most particles were like glowing buckshot, but some exploded with sufficient force to rock the ship. On the same night, five places in Massachusetts reported similar phenomena, and at one place the light given off was said to have been brighter than sunlight. These Massachusetts displays were believed an aftermath of a daylight meteor of September 26.

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THE PLAY

By GRENVILLE VERNON

The First Legion

THE TREATMENT given to this poignantly moving and thoughtful play by some of the daily reviewers must have been disheartening to the author, Emmet Lavery, and to the producers, Bert Lytell and Phil Green, but it has been far more disheartening to those who believe the American theatre to have other possibilities than the appeal to the senses or the passions of the moment. For Mr. Lavery has written a truly spiritual drama, one which in its implications transcends the material bounds put to it, and which, though there was not a woman in the cast, held the majority of the first night audience with extraordinary tensity. The action of "The First Legion" takes place in the House of St. Gregory of the Society of Jesus. Father Sierra, who has been a cripple for many years, becomes suddenly cured, the result, as he believes, of a vision which came to him of the dead founder of the house. Only Father Ahern doubts the validity of the miracle, much to the distress of the Rector; and his suspicions are confirmed by the agnostic Dr. Morell. Morell believes that the cure of Father Sierra could be explained by natural causes, but as an ironic joke on the Jesuit Order he has intimated that it is miraculous. Father Ahern, despite his scepticism as to this particular miracle, had already been appointed by the Rector as the man to plead for the canonization of the dead founder of the house. When he hears Morell confess he is horrified, and prepares to leave the order, as he cannot obey the command to plead for what he feels is the result of a deception. Meanwhile the house has become a shrine to which flock hundreds who have heard of Father Sierra's miraculous cure, and among these is a crippled boy, the nephew of Morell himself, whose faith is so perfect that he arises from his chair and walks half way across the room. So overwhelmed by the boy's sublime faith is Father Ahern that he agrees to remain in the order, and the curtain falls with him on his knees before the crippled boy, with Morell, utterly unable this time to explain a seeming miracle, standing beside them with bowed head.

This is the main theme of Mr. Lavery's play, but the subsidiary figures, and especially Father Fulton who abandoned his music when he entered the order, and Father Rawleigh who gave up the girl he loved, are woven into the drama most exquisitely. Both these priests, who were about to leave the order and perhaps the Church itself, are given back their faith by the cure of Father Sierra, and this fact renders Father Ahern's position the more distressing, since he is bound under the seal of confession not to divulge what he feels is the truth. It makes the play only the more powerful in its spiritual feeling that we never know really whether even the last miracle is a true one, though it may very well be, as may be even the cure of Father Sierra, for it is perfectly possible that Dr. Morell himself may have been mistaken in his belief. But the high lesson of the play is that the true miracle is faith, and it is the boy's sublime faith at the end which wrought the miracle of bringing Father Ahern back to his duty.

It is a tender and beautifully written drama, and in it Mr. Lavery has given to the theatre a work which will not be forgotten. Catholics owe it to themselves and to their Church to see it, and thereby throw down the gauntlet to the critics of the daily press. The performance and staging were excellent, notably the impersonations of Charles Coburn, Thomas Findlay, Harold Moulton, Whitford Kane, Pedro de Cordoba and Frankie Thomas. And, above all, praise to Mr. Lytell for his courage and his faith in the high beauty of the play. It is such works as "The First Legion," works beautiful both as literature and as drama, which, coming rarely though they do, yet renew one's faith in the mission of the theatre. Everyone who truly loves the drama should hurry to see it at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre.

The Distaff Side

JOHN VAN DRUTEN has proved himself before a master of quiet sentiment, of clear characterization, of dialogue at once natural and distinguished, and in "The Distaff Side" he has written another delicately conceived play, which beautifully and sensitively acted proved the first satisfying comedy of the season. It is a play, like the others of its author, which if acted inexpertly would vanish into thin air, but with the cast given it, its charm and flavor are most beautifully revealed. While the final effect of the little play is undoubtedly moral, there are certain things in it which give startling evidence of the moral confusion inherent in our present neo-pagan civilization. That a young girl's lapse from the moral code should be taken by the author as a matter too frequent to cause surprise, and by her own mother as not in the least surprising, is a biting commentary on modern life, a commentary which perhaps the author himself did not realize he was making. For those who love the best in acting and direction it will, however, prove delightful, and especially for the opportunity of seeing Dame Sybyl Thorndyke's enactment of Mrs. Millward, a performance of womanly dignity and sweetness such as the New York stage has rarely seen. Almost equally fine are Estelle Wynwood, Viola Roache, Viola Keats and Clifford Evans. (At the Booth Theatre.)

Judith Anderson

"DIVIDED BY THREE" by Beatrice Kaufman and Margaret Leech, well written and beautifully produced as it is, is simply another triangle play, which to say the least points no moral in its rather sordid story. But it does give Judith Anderson another opportunity of showing her extraordinary powers; her magnetism, her mobile features and responsive body, her distinction of personality and her keen intelligence. Up to the present she has appeared either in parts that other actresses have already made their own or in plays which have been vehicles for her personality and little else. The time will surely come when Miss Anderson will find both a part and a play worthy of her and of her abilities. (At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)

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COMMUNICATIONS

THOUGHTS ON A SCHOOL

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor: In asserting that the chief stress in Catholic education lies on the spiritual, that "so long as Catholic schools and seats of higher learning turn out noble products of the spiritual life, we should rejoice and not complain," Professor Van Winkle ("Thoughts on a School," THE COMMONWEAL, September 7, 1934) does not, the reader hopes, attempt to explain away the aspirations of Catholic education toward scholastic betterment.

The Catholic educator is keenly aware of adverse criticism, and is determined to meet that criticism by more strenuous methods than the dodge that so long as the spiritual element is stressed, the purely scholastic may be excusably slighted. If such were the attitude of Catholic educators in general we might well despair and resign ourselves to maintaining a system of schooling, which, in all but its religious features, rests complacent in offering the second, third and fourth rate.

Professor Van Winkle does not, one feels, penetrate to the root of the present problem of Catholic education in America. It would seem from his article that Catholic education has been and always will be so preoccupied with the transcendental that it is therefore disqualified to deal effectively with the concrete matters of the here and now. Such a statement coming at a time when the thought of the medieval schoolmen is beginning to enjoy a long overdue recognition for scientific objectivity, impresses the reader as ill-considered. When the great universities of Europe were Catholic there was and is no reason to apologize for their scholastic standing.

Nor is there reason to apologize for many Catholic educational centers today. Though in the United States we still do not in general enjoy the highest rating, the cause, it is earnestly to be hoped, is not to be found in our loving God so well we serve Him badly!

The problem is mainly an intellectual one and may best be approached as such. The Catholic population of the United States is largely of recent immigration stock, poor in the things of this world, and in the things of the mind uncultured. Both pupils and teachers, for the most part, spring from the same root. The process of attaining the best in education is thus hampered and slow. But the will for betterment is there, supported by an abundance of vitality to achieve the goal of lifting Catholic education to first rank. The progress within the last decade has by all reports been rapid.

That there is more than a grain of truth in Professor Van Winkle's contention is certain. An other-worldly attitude in dealing with the things of this world is sometimes a disadvantage. There is, too, in the Catholic attitude a certain slothful confiding in the Infinite Mercy. We are usually tardy. Yet in the interests of those Catholic educators who are today straining every nerve and sinew not only to equal but to surpass other institutions of learning, an objection should be registered.

It is the Catholic teacher who is confronted by the most difficult problem; the struggle to retain the dearest and most essential in Catholic teaching and tradition has necessarily retarded the advance somewhat. But the advance is not therefore to be gainsaid. Professor Van Winkle, teaching in a secular college, may not be aware of the sane and realistic hope, the firm optimism that now informs our religious teachers. They are not prone to accept any apology for the work they are doing or will do in the non-religious spheres of education.

It is the Mass that matters, certainly. Yet by virtue of much prayer and plugging the rest shall be added unto us.

SARAH WINGATE TAYLOR.

FICTION AND THE CATHOLIC READER

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I should like to take definite issue with Mrs. Selwin-Tait's letter in your magazine. I admit I may be totally mistaken but this is my point of view. For some years, as an Episcopalian, I had stories and articles and verse published in two of their leading publications, a monthly and a weekly. There was never any single thought about remuneration. One worked for the love of it and I never thought of receiving or expected a cent for my work. Since I became a Catholic, I have had my work published in weekly and monthly Catholic magazines. To my delight and astonishment they paid me! They paid for book reviews and poems and stories and sketches. Though I realize the money payment was not so very large, yet it stacks up nicely next to payments made by the more intellectual weeklies and monthlies, and I think it is with those we must compare most Catholic magazine writing—even fiction. It also happens that much fiction that is really Catholic escapes into the highly paid magazines. To me Catholic fiction means work that bears the stamp of true Catholicism: the passwords of the faith and the names of saints and holy days may never be mentioned, but so long as the theme carries out the tenets of the original Christian faith which is naturally Catholic, so long may it qualify as a Catholic work. The story in a highly paying magazine which tells the sad results of divorce; the difficulties a girl gets into who tries to suit only herself; the cruelty of the man who wants power no matter how he gets it; the plot which tells the results of unfair warfare; the story of love for or hate for one's neighbor—all these are Catholic fiction.

There are plenty of fiction writers of the so-called simply pious school, and there is need of them, for it is what many people want and they are entitled to it. But I think the Catholic writer who is sincerely so can do just as good work if he puts it in the higher paying secular magazines—can keep it as Catholic as if it were in a Catholic publication. I think the thing to do is to seek out these writers and get them to do some of their work for their own Catholic magazines at a lower figure. Some of them are doing that now as a matter of fact. And it is well to remember that there are not a great many of these fancy prices paid anyway. The few who

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get really big money have usually worked their way up and deserve it. I see no reason why they should not get it. But the great majority of secular magazine contributors don't pile up big sums of money for their work, though there seems to be a popular delusion regarding this. Excepting for the dozen or so magazines which vie with one another in paying the most for what they consider the most desired by their readers, nobody pays a lot for stories. And the group which does can't use more than five or six stories in an issue—so you see.

I rather imagine that with the amount of magazines we now have—Catholic ones—a modest living could well be made by the writer who besides being sincere also had a good bit of talent to bring to the embroidering of the tenets of the faith. Nor need standards be lowered to write for a secular magazine, in order to cater to lower and more sensational tastes. Nor need a writer be Catholic to set down good Catholic truths. I have read short stories by Ursula Parrott and Katharine Brush that fulfil my idea of Catholic stories. I think a magazine carrying only Catholic fiction (at least what I think Mrs. Selwin-Tait means by Catholic fiction) would be a pretty wearying affair. We have several excellent Catholic magazines which carry good fiction—and not merely Catholic in the sense that the Faith, the Mass, the clergy, the good little server and the bad little heretic are mentioned in every paragraph. Why not, before we begin to talk about starting a new magazine, get people to subscribe to those we now have and thus not complicate life and the life of the ones now doing their best to keep going, with another one?

KATHERINE BURTON.

CONCERNING GREGORIAN CHANT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In the March 9 issue of THE COMMONWEAL there is a letter from one who has devoted so much of her energy and resources to the spread of Gregorian Chant that any word from her must carry great weight: in that letter Mrs. Justine B. Ward takes exception to a statement of the Reverend Ludwig Bonvin, S.J., published in THE COMMONWEAL for December 1, concerning the rhythmisizing of Gregorian melodies. Mrs. Ward states that Father Bonvin "should have added to the suggestion he made to rhythmisize the melodies the warning that any choirmaster who obeyed such advice would be in formal disobedience to the rulings of the Holy See." This statement logically implies that Father Bonvin himself is *a fortiori* in formal disobedience to the Holy See in giving such advice. Mrs. Ward states that she has no desire to enter into any dispute with Father Bonvin; and I am sure that Father Bonvin shares equally her reluctance to such a procedure, especially as, in the interests of peace, he discontinued some time ago to publish even theoretical expositions of mensuralism which might in any way disturb the harmony that should exist between lovers of sacred chant.

For this very reason I feel it my duty, as Father

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NEXT WEEK

HALOS FOR HOUSEWIVES, by Marie L. Darrach, considers, "That housekeeping as an occupation completely lost prestige and that a housewife came to be visualized as a drab, low-geared individual was not entirely due to a public impression that careers were modern and exciting and domesticity dull and old-fashioned. This misconception was largely the fault of the homekeepers themselves. They scorned the appellation of housewife and resented a classification which seemed to rate them as specimens of early Americana or relics of a lost industry." The growth of this trend and, since the depression, its reversal, is described sympathetically and brilliantly by the writer. . . . STATES' RIGHTS AND DIVORCE, by John Gilland Brunini, observes, "Occasionally the press has centered attention on the scandals arising from the loose and farcial methods through which citizens of the United States have obtained divorces both in foreign countries and within our own borders. . . . There is no, or only slight, indication (however) that in the matter of divorce the scandal really originates in the evil of one state adjudicating or abrogating the contractual rights of citizens not properly under its control. Thus a husband may have legally placed himself under the jurisdiction of a certain state court but, by freeing him from his marital contract, that court inevitably affects the rights of the wife, who is a citizen of another state and has never been under the same jurisdiction." This important and fundamental problem is graphically, specifically analyzed by Mr. Brunini. . . . LIVING ENDOWMENT, by Andrew Corry, explains one of the characteristic features of the overwhelming majority of Catholic colleges in this country and indicates, with emphasis on potential positive values, that it has prevented the desirable development of lay leadership in cooperation with the clerical in college education.

Bonvin's Superior, to enter a denial and to exonerate him from any formal disobedience to any law of the Church either in his own action or in his advice herein to others. To go into further explanation or defense of this statement would lead, I fear, to controversy, which the very wording of Mrs. Ward's letter shows she desires as little as any of us. After all, the judgment as to whether a priest is fomenting formal disobedience to the Holy See rests solely with the Holy See and his duly appointed ecclesiastical Superiors.

VERY REV. EDWARD C. PHILLIPS, S.J., *Provincial.*

THE MAKING OF THE UNITED STATES

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The publisher's note on the inside cover of Mr. Christopher Dawson's "The Making of Europe" has not only an obvious importance for European history. With the words "the United States" and "American" substituted for "Europe" and "European," the note would show a parallel quite as important for the study of American history; Catholic development being, of course, inseparable from both studies if one is to have the slightest understanding of their meaning.

The note runs as follows:

"During the last two centuries the history of Europe has been written almost exclusively from a national standpoint, with the result that the underlying unity of the European development has been obscured by a one-sided emphasis on the separate traditions of the different national states and the history of their political evolution. This is undoubtedly one of the main factors that has brought about that disorganization of Europe which has culminated in the existing situation. A false view of history has led to false political ideals which have in turn produced mistaken political action. Consequently it is of the first importance to recover the European point of view in history no less than in politics: to realize what it is that Europe stands for and how that unique society of peoples which we know as 'Europe' came into existence."

Europe began in unity and fell apart. We began as intentionally separated entities—growing together unwillingly. Neither the European States or the United States are studied that way. Hence consistently mistaken political action in both hemispheres.

A great factor in European unity was Catholic Christianity. Equally, a great many of the political and social principles on which our new American organisms were founded became English when England was still Catholic, and persisted in spite of Protestantism when Protestantism was still new, though Protestants brought them to America. Catholics, therefore, if conscious of their own historical meaning, hold the key to the present world situation.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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BOOKS

Autumn Leaves

"ONE OF US," by Ernest Poole (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50), is a quiet, strong novel. It has the steady tone of the New Hampshire storekeeper who is its principal character. For the first third of the way, it is not very prepossessing, it seems so much of a familiar type of New England small town story. Then like life in such a town, it grows on one. The restraints that seemed unfeeling, are proved with trials to have their strength and goodness. From the isolation of the small town in the hills, a panorama of world events since the turn of the century right up to and including the New Deal, is seen in a perspective that shows up perduring values. In the end the book is downright likable. It never achieves the magical conviction, the evocativeness, of the author's "The Harbor," but it is a satisfying genre study of decent American folk.

"Prayer for the Living," by Bruce Marshall (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50) is quite a disappointment after that author's "Father Malachy's Miracle." It is full of English prep-school (though they happen geographically in Scotland) inconsequentialities, including random, slangy thoughts about the Deity and adolescent manners and morality—all with the great war just off-stage like a theatrical shadow of death. The inconsequentialities are a little too inconsequential and the brightness too facile. The farcing of sacred matters becomes as tiresome as the infantilisms, to say the least. Satire or even just plain fooling, should have some intelligible norm.

Quite different is "Dew on the Grass," by Eiluned Lewis (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00), a totally delightful re-creation of the enchanted land of fortunate youth. The humor is natural. The evocativeness, the creativeness, of the work, rare! It has the quality of Katharine Masefield at her best, say in "At the Seashore," "Pearl Buttons" and "The Doll House." Here the sketches have the continuity of being all about the same family of four children in the same happy summer. The book is a perfect flower of the beautiful English countryside and English living where there are ample means, kindliness and stability, and it is a perfect flower of sensitive, pellucid English writing.

And a fine flower of the Irish countryside and the haunting, poetic realism of good Irish writing, is "The Anteroom," by Kate O'Brien (New York: Doubleday, Doran. $2.50). This is considerably more of a novel, rather than a lyric prose opus. There is character development, a conflict between profane and divine love, tragedy and a real wrestling with the subject of the individual's rôle in the universe and his relation to God. "But I only meant you could be honest, or insolent if you like—with God": there is the crux, the dramatic problem, the choice that will determine character, human relations and so much more, vividly presented in an Irish family seen for three momentous days as the mother lies dying. There is terrible human failure in this book,

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Dear Mr. Lytell,
I had the great pleasure of witnessing the opening performance of the "First Legion" and I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone who desires to see a clean, wholesome, refreshing, interesting and instructive performance.
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but there is a strong, fine grip on values, natural and supernatural. The long-run effects of hedonism, compared with those of fortitude in faith and morals, emerge with a clear, powerfully moving inevitableness.

Then for the American countryside there is "Legacy," by E. W. Lovell (New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50), a saga of several generations in Wisconsin. Descendants of *habitants* and *voyageurs,* creole farmers and their women folk, are the principal characters, surrounded by other settlers and the Indians. The narrative is rich in authentic details that completely convince; the earthy, tangy scene is vividly created. Oddly, considering their origins, the people are practically all godless, or at least, churchless. This gives them a fatalistic, distorted and bitter cast, except in brief intervals of wild gaiety and the case of the heroic stoicism of some of the women. The book is too crude in places to be for the young or extremely sensitive.

Unpleasant but in its way impressive is "Winding Road," by Neil Bell (Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.75), which recounts with torrential vigor the life and loves of one of these live-life-to-the-hilt young men who are scornful of (and thereby think themselves superior to) accepted standards. Starting in a fishing hamlet, then in rural England, the young man through various sordid circumstances is conditioned in his unsocial and self-destroying attitude, and later in London's Bohemia, has an active, gaudy and profitless time. The book, like its unfortunate principal character, is hardly a bird to flock with.

Pleasant and breezy is "Maiden Voyage," by Kathleen Norris (New York: Doubleday, Doran. $2.00). It deals with complications rather than problems. Joe, Larry, Caroline, Ruth and Tony, all bright young people, move against a newspaper and society setting in San Francisco, where the principal character is a society reporter. The book is for the ladies no doubt, and with a chaise-longue and a modest box of bon bons, it should serve admirably one of the not negligible functions of literature, to entertain.

"Now in November," by Josephine Johnson (New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.00), is a stark and beautiful idyll, pregnant with tragedy. It seems a little artificially naive and diffuse at first but it finally achieves marvels of evocativeness of the day by day living of a subsistance farm family steadily falling behind financially, as all the neighbors are too, and progressively having worse things happen to them. The author combines esthetic appreciation of nature with the bleakest realism. She creates a terrific sense of the insecurity and anxiety of the forgotten men and women and children, those who were being dispossessed from any claim to a right to exist on the face of the earth, hard workers, demanding little, producers, with people wanting the things they produced but unable to buy because of the tentacles of debt spread everywhere, the blight of a fiscal system in which figures and symbols of fictitious values multiplied while men and women and children starved.

"The Naked Truth," by Luigi Pirandello, translated

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by Arthur and Henrie Mayne (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00), is a collection of stories by one of Italy's best-known modern writers, in his fairly well-known, and often exasperating, manner. They are cleverly constructed but in most cases depend on superstition or some extraordinary premises for their unusual conclusions. There is in them more than a tinge of anti-clericalism and of scepticism, which results in the stories being principally motivated by mean motives and finally either sad or unfeelingly cynical.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

The Papal Moneys

Papal Revenues in the Middle Ages, by William E. Lunt. New York: Columbia University Press. $12.50.

FINDING that no treatise on the financial business of the Papacy written in English embodies the fruits of research since 1881, when the Vatican Archives were opened to students, Professor Lunt set himself the task of supplying a history which should be primarily a source-book. He has labored cautiously, sifting documents and commentaries. The first of his two volumes contains a lengthy historical and interpretative essay: the second reprints translations of the more important documents and provides an extensive bibliography. In view of the fact that the subject-matter has been under discussion since the Reformation, it seems wholly probable that all serious libraries affording the means to study ecclesiastical history will soon possess Professor Lunt's scholarly and valuable work.

The financial organization of the Papacy was at first very primitive. In 1091 the camera was in charge of money matters at the Holy See. Prior to this time the office seems to have been simpler, retaining traces of its origin in days when the officials were primarily custodians of the papal wardrobe and treasure. At any rate, the collection of various tithes and taxes in all Christian lands was a major enterprise during all the Middle Ages, when the papal revenues ranged from income off feudally owned and operated lands to "subsidies," or special gifts petitioned for from time to time. On the whole this part of the story, with its difficulties and problems, will seem familiar to anyone who knows a little of the trouble involved in securing money for ecclesiastical work. The most famous of papal financial operations were, of course, the sales of indulgences begun under the reign of Pope Boniface IX. Professor Lunt shows that prior to this time moneys received in connection with jubilee and similar indulgences were voluntarily given, constituting alms given by the pilgrim or penitent. Yet at last undoubted abuses were present.

Naturally these volumes are chiefly repositories of documentary evidence. They render available much that would otherwise be quite inaccessible and provide the student of church history with a badly needed dossier. This treatise constitutes Number XIX in the series, "Records of Civilization," published under the auspices of the Department of History, Columbia University.

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Briefer Mention

Faith, Fear and Fortunes, by Daniel Starch. New York: Richard R. Smith. $2.00.

PROFESSOR STARCH, who is a liberal tinged with conservatism and generally opposed to the methodology of the New Deal, has written a lucid and interesting book about the depression which makes a number of good points. He believes that the economic disaster which has shown few signs of abating in its long course from 1929 to 1934 has cost the nation eight times more than the World War; and that one of the fundamental causes is the real but neglected factor of mass psychology. Whereas stocks were badly inflated in 1929, they were equally deflated in 1932. His chief point is that efforts to effect recovery must reckon scientifically with this psychology, and he believes that the Roosevelt administration has not so reckoned. A seven-point program with which the book closes, suggests ways and means for forging ahead. Of course it would be futile to expect from one volume the answer to all current riddles. But the author has aired an intelligently arrived at point of view in pages which everybody can understand and which merit general consideration.

Shakespeare and Tolstoy, by G. Wilson Knight. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.00.

PROFESSOR KNIGHT, whose "The Wheel of Fire" and other books outline a fascinating and valuable theory of Shakespearian symbolism, has devoted the English Association's Pamphlet No. 88 to a consideration of Tolstoy's views of the great English bard. As is well known, those views denied that Shakespeare was a master of characterization, accused him of wilfully distorting the facts about human life, and maintained that the plays were devoid of the religious insight which alone gives art its stature. To a certain extent, and from quite different principles, Robert Bridges arrived at similar conclusions. Professor Knight argues that the Tolstoy-Bridges view is the logical consequence of mistaken and irrelevant criticism by nineteenth-century romantics. He then concludes that the real Shakespeare must be approached through a careful study of the symbols. The pamphlet is thus interesting in itself as well as worth while as an introduction to the author's views.

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